

# 鍛冶職人を目指す

没落予定なので

著 CK ◆かわく



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pages**

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## Botsuraku Youtei Volume 5 Chapter 1 (Chapter 87)

The edge of the outskirts of the capital. No, it would probably be better if I were to rephrase it as ‘outside the capital’s range’—that’s where Kudan prison was built, on a dry land detached from the circle of life. Even though I say it was built, the building itself isn’t mostly man-made either. There is an enormous pit near the capital which has been called the ‘Kudan Hole’ since the past. It’s a plot of land with a depth of over 30 meters. The walls around the pit itself make a 90 degree with the ground so just putting in the prisoners there itself was enough to keep them in captivity. The only ones put in here are criminals who have quite the shady history even among criminals. In other words, I have safely entered into the circle of people who have shaken the society. I still have some doubts about being thrown here for just temporary imprisonment but I guess it isn’t that hard to imagine when you think about the Dartanel family’s assets. Sigh — have the royal family and the princes abandoned me? I can’t help but feel that way. If they had said something more, would I not have been given a much lesser punishment? Am I that little of a value as a person?

Well, that doesn’t matter now. I have no other choice but to wait now. I can just hope that they judge the evidence with impartiality. More importantly, are father and the others alright? I hope my sins are not causing them any trouble.... He is quite a fragile person so I can’t help but worry.

“Rather than thinking about others, it would be for your good if you thought about how to live down there.”

“Thank you for the advice, I appreciate it.”

Removing the handcuffs which were on me, I was guided into the elevator which leads underground. From what I had seen, there were elevators along the walls and there doesn’t seem to be any other way to come and go from the underground.

“I will give you one more advice. Food is supplied as a whole only once a week. You’d better share properly and eat. From my experience as a jailer, I would advise you to not go against the leader of the group there — that would be for your own good. You won’t probably get food for a while but you will have to

endure.”

“I am innocent so I will probably get out real soon either way.”

“I see. But even still, it is hard to think of it as an environment the great nobles can endure — even for a short period of time. In the first place, I wonder how many years it has been since a great noble has entered this prison... You should try not to attract attention.”



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Is he actually being kind? Having received some advice from the jailer, the elevator still kept going deeper underground. The surface seems to be much further away. I guess 30 meters is quite deep. There are also no gaps in the wall — leaving no option of climbing. I somewhat felt this uneasy feeling of never being able to crawl up again. Ahh.. just once, just once would be enough. I wanted to see that person’s face one more time. I would have been able to live underground without feeling uneasy too that way. Also, I should have ate something sweet too. I am extremely missing it.

With an intense clanging noise and impact, the elevator had reached. The jailer opened the iron railing surrounding the elevator and I was imprisoned. I would be in the hands of these guys for a while now. Better convey my greetings properly. With just a few guards, the elevator started moving again, this time towards the surface. I can’t go back now. It felt as if that feeling was forced onto me.

It was pretty spacious inside the prison. In simple words, by eye measurement, it looked like it would be able to fit two Tokyo Domes in it. if it’s like this I guess I don’t need to worry about my neighbor snoring. At any rate, it is quite a

crude space made only of soil and iron. Of course, there were no beds or sofas. It is the worst, but I guess it'll do. I just need to endure it for a while.

Now then, it seems my room number is 136. Passing a few prisoners on my way, I found my room. Room no. 136 was of course, made with iron and the floor smelt like dust. I will be here for a while so I guess I will clean up the place first. Fortunately, it seems the neighboring rooms are empty so it might be easier to spend my time here.

Cleaning up the place with a piece of cloth lying outside the room, I tidied up the place and made it a little more hygienic and livable. Taking off my shoes, I tried lying down on the floor for a while. It was nice that there are no dirt on the floor now but since the walls are iron bars, it is completely visible from outside — which makes it hard for me to calm down. Some pretty bad looking prisoners have been peeking in while passing by for a while now. It feels really uncomfortable. Alright, I guess I will search for something which can act as a wall. It would be perfect if a big cloth or something is lying around here somewhere.

And so, just as I was about to go look for one, I realized that a group of those bad looking prisoners were coming my way. The ones who were passing by just now seemed like they were alone but... there are more than 10 people in that group. I guess it is convenient to live with a group everywhere, huh? I wonder if they are doing that...

“No. 136... Here, eh?”

Standing in front of my room, the guy in front confirmed my face and room number. Seems like they found their objective — as they surrounded me. So they wanted something from me, eh...? So, what is it?

“Let me just say this first, I don't have any candy, alright?”

“I don't need stuff like that. The boss calls for you. Come along.”

“I was planning on searching for something which could be used as a wall but, does your boss have something like that?”

“I don't know. Just come. We were told to bring you by force if needed. You

get it, right??”

Well, even if you threaten me like that... I do get it but, people are normally busy on their first day moving in, you know? Do you get that? After that, two tough looking men grabbed me by the shoulder and forcibly dragged me there.

“It’s pretty dry around here. Do you think this boss-san will share some water with me if I ask?”

“If you don’t shut yer trap I will havta force you shut, got it?”

‘Got it?’?... Well, I do get it but... It is seriously really dry here, you know? My throat would naturally get dry, you get it, right? After walking for a while, just when I thought the filthy men had dispersed, it seemed like we reached the boss’ place. Oi oi, what is this? Just when I had thought there was nothing but iron and dust here, although I don’t know how they got it in here but the man in front of me was sitting on a sofa. Moreover, the room behind him has walls. This, too, I don’t know how they got, but it was made of wooden boards. On top of that, it’s vast! What is with that pleasant looking room?!

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“You curious about that behind me?”

The boss-like guy sitting on the sofa asked. I was also curious about why they would place the sofa outside of the room but it is true that I was curious about the room itself too. Behind the boss, there were 10 heinous-looking prisoners standing and moreover, there were 30 underling-like men surrounding us.

“That room back there is the one the previous jailer used. We caused a rebellion and now none of the jailers stay here inside the prison. The ones on the surface have no concern with us.”

That man surrounded by those tough-looking men was much more thinner and



looked like a normal person. This person is the boss? He doesn't really look like it but then again, it is also true that you shouldn't judge people by their looks.

"No. 136, you are the noble Kururi Helan—dono, correct?"

"Ah, yes. Did we perhaps meet before?"

"No, I am being the boss here in this prison. My name is Doulas. I was a spy for another country but was caught and have been here since then. I heard about you from a certain person."

"A certain person?"

"Yes, a certain person. Here in this prison, we prisoners are self-governing so there are special rules here. Well, if I were to just say it then I myself am the rule here so once you are in, you are gonna have to follow them."

"A certain person?"

"Enough of that already. The rules are simple. The status of newcomers are the lowest of the low. You will only get the leftover food, dispose of the excrement, and etc, *etc*. There are quite a lot of jobs, you know?"

Looks like it is also tough for newcomers here. Ahh, I wanna get out quick.

"However, you are different."

"Don't tell me, I will be treated like a VIP?"

"Well, it is a request from a certain person. I need to pay them back for getting stuff from the surface too. I was told to let you experience hell. To trample all over you and what not."

"You don't really need to hide the 'certain person'. It is someone from the Dartanel family, isn't it? Is it a request from Fregen?"

"Ah, you knew? Yes, that is correct. I will get a lot in return too so, although it is regretful for you but you don't really have a choice."

I guess there is no need to talk anymore. I wasn't planning on being treated as a newcomer in the first place but now when I am going to be treated even worse, I can't possibly comply.

"I refuse. I had decided to go about this the peaceful way but no playing nice anymore. For now, I have decided to peel off the wooden board and take it to my room with the sofa. You guys came threatening me so I will be being quite forceful here as well."

After having said that much, the boss couldn't stop his laughter. He really just looks like a normal person so when he laughs like that it doesn't even seem



menacing — which makes it kinda awkward. Maybe he might give it all to me? Probably not.

“You can’t exert your noble power here, you know? Do you even get it? Oi, someone do it.”

“Then, I will.”

A noticeably strong-looking man came forward. ‘Do it’? It is what I think it is, right...? I will take you up on it then.

“Hehe, ain’t no way I am gonna hand over this fun stuff to someone else. I love beating the crap outta these brats.”

“I see. Well, I am an expert at cleaning up dirty faces like yours so come at me.” Taking the cheap provocation, he came charging straight at me. It’s quite fair so far, being 1v1. It won’t probably last long, though...

He kept coming again and again. Seeing through each and every one of them, I landed counter jabs at every one of the vital points. After a while when my body had warmed up quite a bit, I crushed the guy with a side jab. He fell on the floor, with drool coming out of his mouth.

“Alright, I am warmed up quite nicely. Come on, next, next!”

The boss whistled. With a smile, he sent the next one. So 5 people at once, huh? Well, not bad. I can keep going on and on.

I did take a few hits but kept beating them one by one. Looking at all the men fainted with drool coming out, I am pretty impressed with the accuracy of my punches. It just got much more fun. This is nice — it has been a while since I could go this far. Landing my knee on the third one’s chin, and after seeing him faint as well, I felt something sharp for a moment. Looks like my instinct was correct and the boss, Doulas did use magic. Sharp pointed pillars of water came flying towards me. I did sense it coming and could have easily reacted but I decided to take it all in instead.

“Wha—?!”

The boss looked like he was tired of his pastime amusement and launched magic himself but now he was trembling with shock.

“What? You’re gonna come using magic first then, eh? I did feel more magic flowing from you from the start so I thought you would use it when you’re in a pinch but to think you would use it so early. I was planning on using mine first too.”

“Impossible!? How are you still standing?! How are you unscathed?! It all hit you properly!!”

The boss faltered. Well, it is understandable. All of the magic hit me directly. I could easily dodge but I decided to take it in. In fact, it is also better for me if I take it, considering my constitution. I did just learn about it the other day, though.

“Well, from the looks of it, it seems like magic does not work on me. Or rather, when I take in magic, my magic increases explosively and I can’t really hold it in, you see. Look? It’s already this bad. I can’t keep it in.”

“Impossible!! What is this amount of magic?! What in the world is happening?!”

As expected, my magic had gone up so much it was visible and to this fact, the boss couldn’t help but be utterly shocked. The boss could have been the boss this long because he was the strongest among magic users, probably. And as such, since I am far above him, and if I display that, it would mean I am the boss. I don’t really want to be the boss or anything but I do want the sofa and the wooden board. I can probably get it if I become the boss.

“O wind, break out! Heave up these noisy trash and slam them into this dim cellar once again!”

Using up a big cache of magic, but still having tons of it left, I brought forth an enormous wind magic. A huge tornado rose surrounding me and swallowed up the 40-like people. It threw them all up in the air, and then again changed direction and slammed them into the ground. Screams of pain surrounded me and there was no one who could stand anymore... Except the boss.

“It wasn’t a coincidence that you were not swallowed up. You’re special. I will thrash you by myself.”

“St-stop it! I have the Dartanel family backing me, you know?! Are you okay with that?! Do you get it?!”

“I am fine. I am already at war with that Dartanel.”

“Owawawaaa?! Stop it please!! I will drop dead if you punch me with that!!”

I took in all the overflowing magic in my hand and focused it all in one spot. Changing it to flame magic, I wrapped it all around my right hand and smacked it into the current boss’ face.

Douglas went flying. He probably won’t be able to live normally for quite a while

now. Also, sorry but from today onward, I am the boss here.



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Chapter split into four(4) pages

Botsuraku Chapter 88

## **Volume 5: Chapter 2**

“Boss, we’re done taking those boards apart.”

Boss... Did they mean Doolas?

No, they didn’t. If word spread that slowly in the confines of this prison, it would be uninhabitable. I was the boss. Me, Kururi Helan. It was almost like we were living in some zoo enclosure; once I’d sent their boss flying, having beaten him to a point well beyond recovery, his followers had made a rather sudden turn and adopted an attitude that was much more pleasant. They followed my orders well.

I was more than certain that each last one of them had done something that warranted their incarceration here, so I had few qualms about getting the most use I could out of them.

“All done, then? Bring them all to Cell 136.”

“Got ya.”

“Boss!”

Another follower piped up.

“What?”

“We’ve got beds, shelves, and books too. Do we bring ‘em there too?”

“That’s right. All of them, to Cell 136. The sofa too.”

So they had books too, did they? It certainly looked like prison life was about to take a turn for the better.

They even had a bed! Depending on how soft it was, I may have yet come to lose the need to call this a prison!

“What do we do about Doolas, the stinkin’ bastard?”

“Treat his injuries. I guess it all hinges on his attitude after that.”

This was the same bastard who’d accepted a bribe to beat me to a pulp. Forgiving him on the fly was obviously out of the question, but he still knew a lot. Using him effectively was the better option. Building a connection to a jailer who was, in all likelihood, paid from the pockets of the Dartanelle Family was especially important.

One we moved everything we could get our hands on to Cell 136, we’d start with building the walls. We had a former carpenter in our midst, so I could just leave that bit of work to his expertise.

He certainly didn’t look like a charmer, but his skills weren’t anything to sniff at.

In the meantime, I’d take care of the room’s layout. The bed would be placed to the side where the window was, and the sofa somewhere around the middle. The bookshelves would be placed somewhere in the back, where they would be



more inconspicuous.

Yes, that should do it nicely. I'd also have liked some flowers on the windowsill.

"Boss, it's almost time for lunch. Please, go ahead and eat first."

"Starting today, I'm the boss. That's why we're changing a few rules. Make sure that everyone here gets an equal share of food. We're also going to share the jobs down here."

"Are ya sure? Yer the Boss, ain't no problem for us if ya eat as much as ya want..."

"I'm telling you it's fine. We're splitting it evenly, starting today. Punish anyone who breaks that rule. Give them a good smashing."

"Roger that. I'll jus' be lettin' everyone know!"

It wasn't as if I had any intention of hogging all the chow to begin with, so that was just a rule I'd come up with on the spot, not giving it too much thought. That didn't stop it from becoming an apparent innovation for this prison, and one prisoner after the other came to me just to show me their gratitude.

But regardless of their many thanks, the way none of them would even meet my gaze just imbued me with a sensation of great discomfort. I learned that the Boss was a figure meant to be feared, to be revered. I'd really managed to acquire a rather grand title in this prison, hadn't I? And the only thing I was actually guilty of wanting some wall décor...

Things were much more comfortable from there on out. I had a bed. I had a sofa.

I read my books while the sun was out and bright, and I went about doing my work once it went away. The food we had was frugal both in quality and quantity, but since I wasn't really the type to overly delight in foods, it ended up being sufficiently fulfilling.

All things considered, I was rather happy.

I had food to eat, I had more than enough books to read, and I really didn't

have anything against the sunset.

Huh? Wait, wasn't I just plain at peace here?!

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“So, what do you normally do here?”

“Really only speakin’ for myself here, but I really didn’t do much ‘cept fer pickin’ on the new blood. Ever since ya became the Boss, Kururi, I really haven’t gotten a lotta orders so I ain’t got nothing but time to spare.”

“What about the other prisoners?”

“Up till now, they’ve just been pushed ta do the work no one wants ta do. They’re all doin’ ‘em together now, though. Pretty much everyone’s got time on their hands.”

True, the pure tedium was bound to rob them of their purpose in life... If only there was something worthwhile for them to do...

“Alright then, tomorrow we’ll start with something new. I’ve gotten pretty bored of just reading books all day.”

“Oh, what’s on yer mind?”

“I found shovels and pickaxes. What did you use them for?”

“Well, back when we still had us a jailer, we’d use ‘em ta dig through the walls. You know, to expand this damn hole. Nowadays we jus’ use ‘em as weapons, though.”

“Right then. We’ll pick that up again, starting tomorrow. We’ll do just enough for it to not be too much of a burden, about a few hours each day.”

“Gotcha. But Boss, just why are we doin’ that fer? If I’m gonna be honest, I don’t see the point...”

“It’ll probably hurt me to say this, but... No, I’ll be up and frank with you! You guys are *stagnating* here! And I’m not trying to nag you people! You’ll *seriously* start rotting away! People are supposed to work, eat, and sleep! Once they manage to get that cycle down, they can get their hands on a fulfilling lifestyle. I can nag you about your shabby looks, but above all, there’s barely any life in them! It’s the damn worst! I’ll make you lead proper lives and rehabilitate you!”

“R-Right...”

The next day came along, and all the prisoners were gathered together. I’d had them count their own numbers, and they’d churned out a whopping 369. Barring those that weren’t able to work, I arranged for them to dig away at the walls.

“This is a dried up, sterile piece of land. Normally you’d think that there isn’t much point in trying to cultivate it, but we won’t know that until we try. We’ll just dig up the walls for now. It’ll give us a bigger living space, and who knows. Maybe we’ll find something else. But one thing takes the cake: your faces look dead. Work, and taste the fruits of your labour!”

One of the prisoners raised his hand.

“Speak, I allow it!”

“Sir Boss, we’re really thankful that you split up the food between us. But if we’re gonna have to do hard labour, whatever we have won’t be enough.”

“Don’t you worry. I’ll talk to the jailer.”

They broke out in cheers of joy. They delightedly fell into conversations, discussing how their current boss was even willing to argue with their jailer.

And so began the development work on the hall. From all around me, I could hear the vibrant, lively voices echoing about. Yep, now it finally felt as if I’d actually met with real, living human beings.

“Boss, Doolas is here!”

“That so? Let him through.”

Word was that Doolas had pledged his loyalty to the new boss. If that was really the case, then I was ready to make him work at his most earnest.

“Boss, please forgive my earlier impudence. I was young and foolish.”

“Let’s forget about that for now. We have to focus on more important issues. You have some method to communicate with the outside world, right? Looks like you even have people that bring you goods and materials.”

“That’s right. The same night that food gets delivered here, one of the paid-off jailers comes down with the stuff. Supplies and contact with the outside are done through them.”

“And when’s that supposed to happen?”

“Right. That would be today.”

Well, good timing. That jailer was stained with his own injustice. Whatever punishment the Heavens had in store for him could wait. For now, I’d just put him to good use.

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Once the prisoners had found silence in the slumber brought on by the sheer

exhaustion of their midday activities, a lone man descended with the elevator. It was the jailer that had been paid off. He, as usual, made his way to the room where Doolas was supposed to be.

That was when he first caught wind of the situation. He noticed that the only structure that was supposed to be fine and furnished now was nothing more than a shabby shack.

“What the damn Hell happened here?”

The follower that came to receive him was the one with the worst looks about him.

“The Boss’s been replaced. That’d be me from now on. Hand over what you promised.”

“Oh, so that’s what happened. Here you go. Sweets, books, some liquor...”

He looked through his things to make sure that everything was present and accounted for.

“The Boss might’ve changed, but we’re going to continue our deal with the Dartanelle Family. I’m leaving the rest to you.”

“Sure, that makes things easier for me too. Back to business. Did you take care of what I asked? How’s that newbie noble doing?”

“That went just as planned, obviously. Stomped on him like you wouldn’t believe.”

“Really? That’s worth a good report, then. I’d like to take a look at the evidence, though.”

“Well, can’t say I mind... But are ya sure you wanna see it? Well?”

“... No, I think I’ll stay away for now. As long as the job’s been done, it doesn’t matter.”

That was when the body double let out a long sigh. Purposefully, almost exaggeratedly.

“By the way, about the reward... There’s something I’m not too happy about.”

“What is it? I’m giving you what I said I would, aren’t I?”

“We need more food here. Loads of it.”

“That really puts me on the spot. I don’t know if I can until I ask the Dartanelles.”

“Shut yer yap! Just bring more food here, tons of it! Ya don’t and we’re gonna stop baptisin’ our lil’ noble!”

“That’s not what we agreed on! We said we’d arrange things so you can at least suckle on some sweet nectar, didn’t we? What’re you planning to do with that much food?!”

“Eat it! Listen up. Next time, you bring us food. A lot of food. You’re gonna negotiate with the Dartanelle Family. If I don’t see it, our deal’s done. Ya got that? You’re gonna bring food here twice a week!”

“I-I get it already. I’ll try to bring it up, alright? As long as you can take care of that noble, I can probably find a way to make arrangements.”

The jailer made his way back. The ill-demeanored prisoner managed to end the encounter with plenty of threats towards him. The body double did his job well.

He rushed to where I was hiding, not too far away.

“Boss, you think I did okay back there?”

“Yes, you did just fine. You think this’ll give us enough food? I want them to be healthy when they start working again tomorrow.”

If I had to look at the results, I’d say that the negotiations went well enough.

The deal was to ‘take care’ of the noble. As long as that part of the bargain was upheld, negotiations would go on as they were. By ‘taking care of the noble’, they of course meant beating me into a fine paste. Sending any kind of believable report should be enough.

Once we evenly distributed the newly obtained food, the labour work inside the prison jumped ahead by leaps and bounds.

A good week passed by, and a healthy sheen of life glazed the faces of most prisoners. I’d been right, it seemed; people needed a set of proper guidelines if they wanted to live a proper life.

Thanks to all of that, the days when I was showered with their gratitude still came. They were even capable of looking me in the eyes as of recently.

*It somehow feels as if this is the first time in my life I’m truly alive.* I was getting told that plenty of times too. Sound health was a wonderful thing.

“Boss. The dried up ol’ gramps wants ta meet with ya.”

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“And who’s this ‘dried up ol’ gramps’?”



“The oldest member of this ‘ere prison. Says he’s got somethin’ important to tell ya, Boss.”

“Alright then, let him through.”

The elderly man who entered the room was indeed reminiscent of a thin, withering tree. Didn’t he get enough nourishment here? Despite all of that, his spine and posture were surprisingly straight and rigid.

So this was the oldest inmate... I had to admit, he had a sort of dignified presence.

“I want to express my gratitude, Boss.”

That was the sudden statement that flew my way, spoken in a withering voice.

“I haven’t really done much that warrants gratitude. I just did what I could to make myself more comfortable.”

“I see. Nevertheless, I’m grateful. Most of the people here, myself included, are just dregs of irredeemable scum. I wish to express my gratitude for taking these scraps of waste and giving them a purpose. For making them human.”

“If that’s the case, I’ll gladly accept that gratitude. But let’s get to the point. You have something that needs to be done, don’t you?”

“Yes, that’s right on the money. I wanted to repay my debt to the new Boss, see? I don’t know how useful it might actually be, but there’s this bit of odd land. The walls of my room, Cell 002, are a bit damp. I’ve always kept quiet about it, but I can’t shake the feeling that that patch of earth is a little different.”

“Ohoh, well that certainly peaks my interest. Cell 002 is on the Western side, isn’t it? We might just get something interesting out of it...”

Lending an ear to what the old man... no, the *dear elder* had to say appeared to have been worth it. I felt as if I’d stumbled on an excellent story.

The next day came along, and I was all too eager to start digging up the wall on the Western side.

Just as the Withered Old Man had said, the more we dug, the more unsuitable the earth became to this dry environment. It became damper and damper. In light of this new discovery, the willingness of the others to proceed with their labour was stirred up to great effect.

Even once the work hours had passed, there were still dozens of people digging.

I set in place the rule that all those working tomorrow would not be fatigued in the slightest, I only allowed those who actually wanted to work to go on.

Then the next day came. The transformation was rather sudden. While I held a pickaxe in both hands and heaved it at the wall, digging it out, someone nearby let out a yell.

“Oooh!”

“What happened?!”

“I was just focusing on this especially damp spot and – Aaaaaaah!”

For a moment, we were all assaulted by the sensation of the ground shaking beneath our feet. Not long after the great rumbling noise began, an intense spout of boiling water burst from the walls.

“R-Ruuun!”

“Right!”

By the time things had settled down, it was already noon. The jailer peeked in on from above, and the prisoners themselves took in the view as they surrounded the phenomenon from a distance.

“It’s a hot spring!”

This was one curious twist of fate. We dug and hit a boiling hot spring. It certainly seemed as if I had been blessed with ridiculous luck.

“Well, letting it all spill out is just a huge waste. We’re starting maintenance tomorrow!”

Everyone was practically overflowing with eagerness and excitement. They opened up a hole, went about spreading rocks, and filled it with the gushing, boiling water. Within this hellish nightmare of a prison, we had created a hot spring.

I wasn’t sure how else to put it, but this was already far beyond simple comfort. Some of the people here hadn’t had the chance at a hot bath in years, others in decades. Every last one of them had the face of someone that had been brought back from the brink of death. It somehow began to feel as if coming here had never been that bad a thing. Everyone had a powerful, radiant expression on their face.

The hot spring itself wasn’t all that spacious, so we made due by taking turns. Once it was my turn, I slipped into the hot spring. Accompanying me was the Withered Old Man.

“Really now, nothing but good’s been happening since you became the Boss.”

“You think so? I think we have you to thank for the hot springs.”

“Oh no, it should be you. It took thirty years of me knowing to get to this paradise, but it only took you one day. Oh, I really do feel like I’ve been revived...”

I felt the same way.

When I first came here, I'd spent my time thinking about how things would turn out. Now, that worry was far from my mind.

“What did you even do to get thrown down here? You really don't seem like someone who belongs in here.”

“Well, it's a long story. Oh, right. I forgot something important.”

Why did I get thrown in here? Well, I'd been set up for one thing. For another, a certain group of people was supposed to be here, wasn't it?

I relayed the information to the followers, and told them to bring the ‘Violent Money Grubber’ Psyshin Upstol and Hunter Galdmira to me. They should have been here.

I had to hear the truth straight from the horse's mouth...

Translations by [AsianHobbyist](#) Website **Chapters are split into  
pages**

没落予定なので、  
**鍛冶職人を目指す**

著 **CK** ◆かわく







# Chapter split into four(4) pages

## Volume 5: Chapter 3

While I spent the morning awaiting the arrival of the persons of interest, someone came to me with news of another's passing.

“Boss, the dried up old coot's gone an' kicked the bucket. Heard he showed his smile durin' his final moments for the first time in ever. Said somethin' about givin' you his thanks.”

“I see. Let's pray that he'll be happy in the next world. What do you do with the deceased here?”

“We've jus' been gettin' the newcomers to bury 'em somewhere.”

“We're building a public cemetery in the new area to the East. Make it a shared job. Also, let's name the hot springs the 'Withered Old Man Spring'. It's thanks to him we even have that, after all.”



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“Roger that. I'll tell the others!”

I couldn't help but muse that my followers acted much more lively nowadays.

Maybe it was just my imagination.

Just what had the Withered Old Man done to be thrown into this underground prison? There was no way of finding out now, but I could still remember the face he wore when we were in the bath. It didn't come off as the face of a prisoner. He had been a good-natured old man, at least that's what he felt like to me... I hoped that he'd lead a proper life in the next realm.

“Boss, I've got Galdmira and Psyshin here with me!”

I couldn't say for certain whether I'd sparked some suspicions among the followers by calling upon the two so suddenly, but they had all assembled. It was almost as if they believed their existence was one of vital importance to me.

“You think we're gonna get killed here?”

That was Galdmira to a tee. He didn't bother to hide his lack of composure.

“Yeah, I'd bet on it.”

The Money Grubber, on the other hand, looked as if he was ready for whatever was to come.

“I wouldn't do something that scary. I've never even given those kinds of orders.”

“That so... You know, I always thought you were one amazing bloke, but now that much is clear. It's only been two weeks since you came to this hellhole, and you already have it in your grasp. You seized this place with all its ruffians.”

“Enough about that. You already know what I want to ask, don't you?”

Perhaps it was because a portion of my ire had leaked through, but the two of them broke out in a sweat in spite of the dry air. They looked as if they'd just finished moving about.

“... Can I start?”

Galdmira appeared willing to speak.

“Go ahead.”

“I do feel sorry. Also, I don’t mean to try and prove my innocence to you, but I will speak the truth and nothing but the truth. Can’t say for sure you’ll believe me, though.”

Translations by [AsianHobbyist](#) Website **Chapters are split into pages**

“That’ll be enough of that, just say it.”

I assumed that even he would have trouble speaking when surrounded by fellows as rough-looking as these, but I had no other option but to let him bear it. It was thanks to both of them, after all, that I was even here.

“See, I was put in here for the crime of killing a fellow hunter. With the sword you gave me. That’s what the record says, but I didn’t do anything. They forced me to confess that I’d killed him under the influence of your sword. They had me on the damn torture rack for three days straight. There wasn’t anything else I could do...”

“How’d it really go, then?”

“Well I wasn’t being controlled, obviously. I kept denying it at first, but they used some pretty mean methods to get me to say I was, you get me? This is what really happened. When I entered my buddy’s room, he’d already been stabbed in the back. While I was holding him in my arms, a bunch of guards broke through the door and rushed in like some damn avalanche. Then they caught me. We’ve both been set up, screwed over.”

“Screwed over, huh...?”

“I’m sorry. But I didn’t have any other option. I had to give that testimony...”

If he’d really gone through as much as torture, then there really wasn’t much to hold against him. It was all done to set me up... through a series of extremely contrived machinations.

“Wait, so does that mean yer hear ‘cause of a crime ya never committed, Boss?!”

The calls of my adoring followers came from all around, enraged for my sake. Come on now, let’s calm down.

“I’d like to hear your story too, ‘Money Grubber’. You attacked some important apprentice, didn’t you?”

“...”

The man in question kept his gaze glued to the ground, seemingly utterly unwilling to speak. So that’s why he’d looked so prepared.

“Boss, jus’ let me squeeze the answer outta him.”

“No, no need for that. My swords don’t have the power to control people. That much I already know. What I want to know is why he cut down that apprentice in the first place. I hear that a lot of eye witnesses spoke up against you too.”

“...”

He remained silent.

“Doesn’t look like you’re willing to talk. Mr. Galdmira, if you’re really

innocent, then I know you'll get out of here eventually. I myself want to prove my innocence and get out of here."

"Really? I appreciate that. Guess I'll be relying on you again up top."

Translations by [AsianHobbyist](#) Website **Chapters are split into pages**

"That the case? Then I ask you to make a safe return. Money Grubber, you should know that I have the right to hear your reasons. It's your testimony that got me in here. Let's forget about me being caught. The only thing that's important is what we do now. At least, if either you or I want to start over..."

In the end, that did little to move him to speak. Under the escort of the followers and their rather nerve-wrecking expressions, he left the room.

If he didn't want to speak, that was just as well. I just had to find another way.

Once afternoon had rolled around, the construction work for the public cemetery had already made great progress. Apparently there were plenty of people that were grateful to the Withered Old Man. The finished cemetery turned out to be simple and slightly crude, but he never seemed to be someone that pined after gaudy baubles. Rest in peace...

Really, there was nothing better than a bath after a day of work.

I'd wanted some time to myself, so I only entered the bath once everyone else had gone to sleep. The hot water was just warm enough to be a great fit in this dried up patch of land.

The moon could be seen clearly today.

Something splashed in the hot water, sending waves rippling throughout.

Next to me was the Money Grubber himself. He'd come to have a good, late soak in the hot water.

"The water's nice."

"It really is. It's so comfortable that it's barely different from the outside."

"The only complaint I have is that I can't smith."

"That's a pretty big issue. I feel the same."

I had a valley's worth of questions to ask him, but if he refused to speak up about them, then there wasn't much I could do. That in mind, there was nothing wrong with focusing on enjoying the bath instead. Why, even the moon was out, for once not obscured by the clouds.

"Why would you build a grave in this prison? You know that this place only holds scum like me."

"... It's better than not having one."

"I wonder about that. This place was pure Hell when I arrived, but once it got a new boss, I was able to lead a pretty cosy life. I do thank you for that."

“There’s really no need to thank me. It’s because everyone here worked together. I couldn’t dig out this hot spring on my own, could I?”

“You always choose the broader look, don’t you? You can’t even grasp how amazing what you do even is.”

“I’ve never done anything that spectacular. I’ve just been doing what I can.”

“... There’s something I want to tell you. Not that I think speaking up this late in the game’s going to do much.”

“Hm? Sure, I’ll hear you out. I’m in just the right mood.”

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The Money Grubber appeared to hesitate time and time again before he finally found his resolve. He talked about my sword, the one he’d wanted, and spoke of the reality he’d been so hesitant to elaborate upon.

“The blade you forged was perfection. I thought you’d pull one out eventually, but never did I dream that you’d do so in a single day. It should have been impossible... right? Who’d even think it wouldn’t be? I mean, come on! It was one day! I thought you were playing me for a damn fool!”

... I was sort of sorry. Really, really sorry.

“I just couldn’t accept that, I couldn’t. There was no way I could. If you can just show me something that perfect, then what the Hell did I spend four years for?! That’s what I thought.”

... I really didn’t have anything to say as a rebuttal.

“So, I ran away from reality. I pretended I never even saw your sword. I erased it from my mind. But that apprentice... when the two of us were alone, he said something to me. He told me that there was absolutely no way to establish ourselves in those territories, no matter how hard we tried. He said that Kururi Helan was the greatest craftsman around, no doubt about it.

“That was when this uncontrollable anger just burst out of me. I used the sword I had to cut into him. It was the kind of anger I just couldn’t rein in. It was a violent fit of envy. To hide my shame and disgrace, I went and accepted the dark, sweet words of the Dartanelles. I excused myself by saying that your sword had taken over my mind, all to hide this petty, jealous heart of mine.

“Luckily, the apprentice survived the ordeal. But... I just kept covering myself in the mistakes I’d gathered.”

“... So that’s what happened.”

“Your sword was perfection. I’m sure you can aim even higher. Once you get out of here, do me a favour and aim to do even better. Some day, I want you to show me how far you’ve come. Not that I’ll be out of here anytime soon...”

“I’m happy you could tell me the truth. I’ll try and be more confident in my capabilities from now on. If I do that, who knows. Things like these may not even happen anymore.”

“You don’t have to think that way. This was my blunder, through and through. It’s what I get for falling to my own weaknesses. You just have to keep on aiming straight up. That’s it.”

It really felt as if today’s bath had washed more than grime away. The Money Grubber appeared to share my sentiment, given the enlightened expression his face bore.

“I think I’ll be able to work a lot better, starting tomorrow.”



The way he said it resounded in a rather pleasant manner.

Any intent to deceive had flown away, along with my anger towards him. My own innocence had been completely brought into the light.

Now I finally had it in me to take on the Dartanelle Household.

Alright then. I just had to get out of this bath before I spent too much time inside.

Translations by [AsianHobbyist](#) Website **Chapters are split into  
pages**

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# Chapter split into four(4) pages

## Botsuraku Yotei Volume 5 Chapter 4

“Rail Rain... What brings someone of your importance all the way here, and carrying a royally certified admission pass too. Is it that matter with the noble?”

I could not help but feel a sense of unease at this guard who oozed a lack of discipline. These are the men who abandoned their job of monitoring the prisoners and fled to the surface. That in itself makes them undeserving of respect...

“You’d do good to stay out it. You don’t want to get burned do you?”

There was also another reason for my bad mood.

Apparently there are people associated with the Dartanel family here in Kudan prison. Among the guards; even prisoners.

But we were fools to be honest. We should have expected this to be the case.

The prince sent me here as soon as this matter was discovered. Prince Rahsa asked with a pained and heavy heart to insure the safety of young Kururi.

I may be too late. We should have acted sooner. I will accept the punishment. I will submit. But, if there is anything I can do...I would do anything.

Up on the surface the Prince is doing everything in his power to help Kururi.

As for me, I have to do everything I can to protect him down here.

Terrible thought race through mind as I began the descent on the elevator.

“Leave your sword here...”

The guard must have noticed me expression of rage, because he didn't bother me after that.

I descended underground. The guard said something about not wanting to be down too long, and returned back upwards as if in a hurry. There was clearly no system of order down here. I felt a further sense of disgust.

Kudan prison was not as arid as I had heard. People said it was a land of dirt and prison, but it felt unexpectedly humid. Had it rained the previous night? I had heard it rained at least once or twice a year...

On top of that, I could hear lively voices coming from somewhere.

And people said it was stamping ground for the rotten... Are they arguing and fighting?

“Oi, are ya new here? Never seen ya before!”

The man shouldered a pickaxe and had the face of someone who probably

spent most of his life here. He looked sinister, but there was an odd sense of cleanliness to him. But there was no mistaking that he was a prisoner. A prisoner brandishing a weapon... This place was even less respectable than I could have imagined.

“Tell me, do you know where cell number 136 is?”

“Oh? You’ve got quite the nerve for a newcomer! I think ya better leave while you can.”

“Just answer my question.”

“As ya please then. Just go straight down that path over there and ya will reach it. I ain’t gonna take you myself. Especially not at this hour.”

At this hour?

Something about those words bothered me. What happens at this hour? Dark possibilities ran through my head. I needed to hurry.

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I found cell number 100. It should be somewhere around here.

I caught another prisoner to interrogate.

“ Ah? You want to go to cell 136? What for? Only the top people are allowed...”

“Just answer me. My patience is running very low.”

“Eh? Oh...it’s around the corner on the right. Though I don’t think you should... Not at this hour.”

Is this matter with cell 136 well known then?

I had heard that there were at least 300 prisoners, could they all know about this? If so, am I...

I quicked my pace as sweat ran down my face and my heart beat loudly.

I was itching to unsheath my sword. I didn't care who, I wanted to cut someone down. Will I, upon seeing my worst nightmare become reality, be able to contain my anger?

Cell 136.

I finally found the room I had been searching for.

While all of the other cells were walled with iron bars, cell 136 was made of wooden panels. It's sealed off... He might be confined inside, I hoped that it was only that.

Outside there were five rough-looking men standing guard. It did not look like they would let me in without a fight.

"Oi, you are you!? You can't come here at this time!"

"Why?"

"Because we're guarding here, idiot! Now get out of here!"

So they were guards after all.

They all glared back at me with menacing expressions. Was this their idea of a threat?

As if such a foolish bluff could withstand my wrath?"

"Move out of my way. I have business within that room."

"Ah? I said we are guarding here!"

"Are you assuming these little rules that you've made here affect me? If so, I would be glad to cut two or three of you down. Know that I would not be the least bit concerned if your lives were snuffed out."

My sword was in my hand. There was no reason to hold back now. I've reached my destination. The rest will unfold as I wish it to.



“What’s going on? What’s this noise?”

“Sorry, Boss! This bastard over here...”

Boss? There was a voice coming from within the room. From the panic in their voice, I could tell it was their boss in the room. In the same room... So that is what they meant by not coming at this time.

“Boss, huh. Just in time. Reveal yourself, king of this small world.”

The boss opened the doors to reveal himself.

Shocking red hair. Healthy looking skin; different from everyone else. Slender and well-balanced physique. The kind eyes...

Kururi walked out looking hearty as ever...

“Huh? Rail? Is that you!? Why are you here! Did you get arrested for sexual harassment?”

“Uh...huh? Where’s the boss?”

“Ohh, I’m the boss now. I beat the boss, so I’m the new boss.”

“Like a group of monkeys!? Is that what this place is!?”

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“Well, that’s not too far from it. Anyway, come inside. You’re usually so lame, but I’m actually happy to see you down here. Now hurry up!”

I was invited into cell 136.

Kururi sat down on a sofa and directed me to do the same.

What!? A sofa!? In prison!?

Looking at my surroundings, I also notice a bed! There is also a shelf filled with books. There is even a window decorated with a single flower. It's bright and clean room.

It's comfy. Strangely, comfy.

"I don't have anything sweet to eat, but there's some wine. I have some snack too."

"You have wine!? And snacks!?"

"White? Red? Which do you prefer?"

"You have different types!? Where are we!? Where have I come!?"



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"Now, now. Calm down. This is Kudan prison. What? Did you come here by accident?"

"Accident? You're an accident!"

He was looking at me as if embarrassed, but what could I do? I cam to pour red liquid with my sword, not in a glass cup!

"Eh!? What!? You were arrested and thrown in prison, but in fact you were living quite well!?"

"I don't know about that. Some things were really hard. Like getting this sofa."

“Of course it was! They aren’t exactly common in prisons!”

“Why are you so excited? Calm down, take this drink. Once you’ve calmed yourself you can go relax in the hot spring. And you should stay here tonight as well.”

The wine in my mouth came bursting back out.

“Hot spring!? Stay here!? Am I visiting a friend’s house!? Is that what this is!?”

“You do like to answer your own questions. You sleep on my bed, I’m fine with the sofa.”

“That’s not the problem! What!? What is...really!?”

After much dismay, I was finally persuaded by Kururi to visit the hot springs.

It was still bright at this hour, so it was just the two of us there.

“We are all working here to make this prison a better place, while there is still light. This hot spring was discovered as part of that endeavour. We even have a public cemetery now that some of the elders have passed away. We are also going to expand the area next, I’m thinking that we could plant some crops. Lately I’ve been stuck in my room planning these things. But I do feel guilty as I’m the only one not doing any physical labor.”

“...I’m impressed. You’re the lord of the land.”

“You think so? I just thought I’d do what I can before I leave. I am the boss after all.”

“We all worked pretty hard you know? To prove that you were innocent.”

“Ah, about that. ‘Zeni Geba’ Saishin Ubstol said he would change his testimony. He was apparently able to overcome his shame.”

“You solved the problem yourself!? What about all our efforts!?”

“Well then, I’m ready to fight whenever you are. Just call me when you need

me.”

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pages**

“Ahh... My concerns were for nothing then. Do you know that Prince Rahsa came to me with tearfilled eyes, he begged me to help you...”

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

“What am I supposed to tell him? Really.”

“That I’m doing well?”

“Fine, I’ll do that. By the way, where is the wine from?”

“Oh, there was guard who working for the Dartanel’s, but we bought him, and now he brings us things we want.”

“...How tenacious. But I’ll be taking that guard with me when I leave. He will be useful in going after the Dartanel’s, I hope.”

“But...then our supplies...”

“I’ll do something about it. And you, can’t you leave this place yet?”

“I am starting to grow attached to guys here. I would also like that they maintain order even after I’m gone. “

“You want to do what you can while you can. But you should hurry. We need you up there as well.”

“...I know. I won’t be long.”

After soaking in the hot spring, I slept in a soft bed.

On my way out I was handed some food for the road and the bought-off guard, who had been captured the previous night.

For some reason my hair and skin felt great. Perhaps it was due to the hot spring?

...mmm, maybe I will come back here.

Yes, I will definitely return when Kuriri is released. It was a good trip.

...

“Brother, a messenger bird has come from Rail. Here, there is a letter attached to it.”

“He works fast. Iris, it may be better that you do not see what it says.”

“ Prince Arch. I am prepared for the worst. And if anything, you’ve already promised to show it to me!”

“I did, but... I don’t want to see you sad.”

“I’ve prepared myself. I will see it. I will!”

“Brother, Iris and I are both ready no matter what new comes. If anything happened to him, I don’t know that I will be able to control myself. But, I don’t think that averting your eyes to reality is the right thing to do either. We understand the possibilities. Now let’s see it together.”

“...Fine. I will not say anything more. I will read it to you, listen carefully.”

“Rail Rain report,

Kuriri is fine. His skin seems to be in great condition. He was a good host.”

“Mmm? ...huh?”

“Brother, hurry!”

“Ah, oh...sorry... M? Mmm?”

“Prince Arch, hurry!”

“Umm, Kuriri is fine. His skin seems to be in great condition... He was a good host.”

“....?”

“....what?”

“What?”

...

Translations by [AsianHobbyist](#) Website **Chapters are split into  
pages**

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著 **CK** ◆かわく







# Chapter split into five(5) pages

Botsuraku Yotei Chapter 5 Volume 5

“Boss! Please don’t go! What are we going to do without you!” “Boss!”  
“Please, boss!” “Say something! Boss!”

I was to be released from prison in order to stand trial and this resulted in them crying all over me. I had no idea that I would become so popular in this underground place...

“There is something I need to fight for up there. ...if I lose, I’ll just come back here.”

“Then lose!” “Boss, lose!” “Lose for our sake!”

What are you saying! You guys are making this very hard for me.

But, to be sure, living here was not that bad at all. I wouldn’t live here forever, but visiting once in a while would be fine.

“I can’t lose. It’s not just about me, it will affect a lot of people that are important to me. That’s why I have to fight, and I have to win. I have a fondness for this place...but I still have to go.

“Boss...you’re dealing with a lot out there, huh. You really are amazing. I suppose if that’s the case, we shouldn’t bother you anymore... Please go! Go and protect what is really important to you.”

“I’m sorry. Please use the plans I created. And now, I leave!”

And under the fond gazes of the prisoners -to be a little dramatic-, I took the elevator back up to the surface. The atmosphere was very different from when I first arrived. The filthy, death-like Kudan prison was gone, it had now changed into a proper, lively place. You could see it clearly from above.

“Boss, we’ve made a clean sweep of the prison to find all that are corrupt. We’ll be sure to make a report when we get the bigger picture.”

Perhaps it was just me, but from inside of the elevator it sounded like even the guard had called me boss.

Is that why his expression was always so serious?

“Good, examine it carefully. I expect a full report from you.”

“Yes! I’ll do just as you say.”

At some point in time, I had become the boss of this entire prison... It was as if the frog inside of the well caused the well to overflow and affect even the outside world. Perhaps I am a man of ability after all.

The elevator finally reached the surface with a loud bang and a shudder.

On the surface, the guards were standing in a straight line, and they were all were saluting me.

“Boss, we’ve all gathered here in order to see you off.”

Eh? Really? When did this become a thing?

“...Very well. Continue to do your best. And, even gradually, have more interactions with the prisoners down there. Yes, I think that’s good.”

“Yes! As you say!”

I passed the line of standing guards and went towards the carriage further on. They had called a carriage for me...I had no idea what was going on when I first came here, but now I feel a little sad at having to leave. Bye bye, Kudan prison.

“Boss! We await your return!”

At the end they all raised their voice and cheered for me.

...in other words, I should get arrested again? I don’t know about...that?

“You...what exactly is happening here?”

I entered into the carriage and saw Prince Arch and Iris, who appeared to have been hiding.

They were probably worried and came to see me. I have such good friends.

“My concern was wasted on you! I heard cheering echoing from underground, and you’ve tamed the guards, what have you been doing here!? Were you not arrested?”

“I was, but it was nothing, as everyone was so nice. I even got a sofa.”

“Is that so? This is an unexpectedly honest place then. What did they mean by boss? It seemed like they were talking about you...”

“Yeah, that. I’m the boss of this place. If you ever find yourself here, don’t forget to come pay your respects to me.”

“I won’t go in there. I mean, you won’t even be there anymore anyway.”

That’s true. Fine, you won’t have to pay your respects.

“Kururi is just Kururi no matter where he is, huh. Yeah, I was worried, I should have put more faith in you. The correct thing to have done was to sit back and lazily enjoy a cup of black tea.”

“That’s right. Iris, you are finally starting to understand me.”

“Yeah, we’ve known each other for quite a while now. Right?”

“What do you mean, ‘for a while now’. Hey, Kururi! What is the meaning of this?”

“I think so. It’s at least further than back then when I met Prince Arch.”



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Well, I was able to tease the Prince and talk with the adorable Iris after not seeing her for so long. It was all I could want in this moment, but of course, circumstances did not seem like they would allow me to relax.

“We can only ride with you half of the way. You will have to go alone to the trial. Don’t worry, we have all kinds of evidence ready. It will not be long until your innocence is proven.”

“I heard it from Rail too. It looks like you really worked hard. Thank you. Express my gratitude to Rahsa as well.”

“That, you should tell him yourself. You’ll just be returning to your mundane school life anyway. You should be able to find plenty of time before then.”

That’s true. Never mind then. I will go and see him myself.

Come to think of it, Rahsa didn’t come? Why? He was the one that I wanted to see the most... I guess he must have had other priorities.

“...Rahsa didn’t come with you?”

I didn’t have to ask, but it just came out for some reason. It was just words spoken on a whim, but I saw the Prince’s face tighten for a second.

“Rahsa isn’t feeling well. Oh, you’ll see him soon enough.”

“Did something happen?”

“No, it’s really nothing. He just isn’t feeling well. Really...”

Something felt very wrong. Did something happen to Rahsa? It didn’t feel quite like that either.

But it was also apparent that he was hiding something. I don’t know, what could it be? Is something happening?

What if both of them are hiding something from me? I wanted to ask, but I thought it would be rude to press two friends who had just come all this way to meet me, so I decided not to.

As far as what happened after that, I arrived at the intertrial in such extremely good health that it even shocked the Dartanel family, the trial itself moved in a linear fashion and completely in our favor. ‘Zeni Geba’s’ testament was the decisive blow, and I was found innocent and acquitted. And even Brau Dartanel who had accused me, came to apologize. That he could so easily change his attitude and apologize without hesitation showed how thick his skin was. He

even said that he would make a compensatory payment, which I willingly accepted.

“It was a paltry sum...I thought you would refuse to take it...”

“...These things are more about the sentiment. It’s like a victory trophy. So for now, can we just agree that I am the winner of this fight? I came back quite healthy, and don’t you think that it’s only a matter of time till the corrupt guards start talking about you?”

“...Uh, indeed. You are the winner, I’ll allow that.”

There was something fishy about this... I didn’t like it, but if that’s what he wants, I will face him any day. Anyway, it’s about time I started to gain confidence in my own strength as well.

## Translations by [AsianHobbyist](#) Website **Chapters are split into pages**

I was returned to a calm life at the royal castle. A big chunk of my holiday was taken, but well, Kudan prison was kind of like a holiday in itself, so it’s fine.

However, it was only for a short time that I was able to relax.

I don’t know how the story leaked, but I learned that the incident spread throughout the citizens of the royal capital, and was told around all the drinking tables. The reason that I learned, was because a certain reporter had paid us a visit.

Rahsa has not shown up and I was bored, so I decided to deal with the reporter out of curiosity.

“I would like to write a detailed article that’s labeled ‘The Great Brawl of Two Major Nobles’, and was wondering if you’d like to talk?”

“If it’s for just a short time. I’m bored now.”

“There are rumors that it was started by the Dartanel’s side, what was the origin of it all?”

“Origin? Hmm, a woman...I think.”

Was the incident with Iris the start of it all?

“Ohh, related to a woman then. I knew it...”

What do you mean you knew it? But perhaps these kinds of stories tend to start like this.

“And what was the reason that this female trouble lead to such a frontal collision of two distinguished houses?”



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“Lead? Mmm, money...I think.”

It was Fregen that changed his injured front teeth into gold teeth and used it as evidence of assault, I think that’s when things really started to get complicated.

“Oh, related to money then. I knew it...”

What do you mean you knew it? Though it seems likely for this kind of story.

“I apologize for bringing up a rumor, but it is said that you were held in Kudan prison...”

“Yeah, that’s true.”

“Oh...if you have any thoughts on that...”



“It was comfortable.”

“Comfortable... You are a big shot no matter where you go. I expect no less from the sole victor of this incident. Well done.”

The sole victor... Something about the way he phrased it bothered me, but I didn't think too hard about it.

“Now, do you have any thoughts on the defeated Dartanel's and the Deauville's who, after having much evidence of the Dartanel's corruptions presented to him, stepped down as prime minister?”

“What did you say?”

“Uh, so a comment on the Dartanel's and the Deauville's...”

“Eyan Deauville stepped down as prime minister!?”

“Ye, yes. Had you not heard about it?”

I stood up without thinking.

I felt like I needed to go run somewhere, but where? So Eyan Deauville's crimes were finally out in the open... But things were moving so fast.

And even more, why did no one tell me such an important thing?

Did Prince Arch know about this? There is no way that he didn't. And Iris?

She of course, had to know.

That's it! What about Rahsa? Where is he?

“I'm sorry. I have an emergency. Please excuse me.”

I left the reporter and went out to go find Supatifila. She was usually close by, and it bothered me that I did not see much of her today.

“Where's Rahsa?”

“Rahsa is not feeling well. You can't meet him...”

“No. I have to see him immediately. Let me see him!”

“...Please don't blame the prince too much. There was nothing he could do about prince Rahsa.”

“I don't understand what you are saying. Just let me see Rahsa, I need to ask him what happened.”

Supatifila finally raised her heavy body and lead me to Rahsa's room. She gently knocked once on the door.

Translations by [AsianHobbyist](#) Website **Chapters are split into pages**

“Prince Rahsa, Kururi has come to visit you.”

There was no answer. The room was very quiet.

“Rahsa, it's me. It's Kururi. Why are you shut up in there?”

After a moment a voice echoed from behind the door.

“...I have no right to show my face to you.”

“Why? Between you and me, what is it that you feel you have to carry yourself?”

“I couldn't do anything. While you were being degraded, I tried my hardest, but I could do nothing. I don't know how to make it up to you...”

“What are you saying? I came back like this unharmed, look. There isn't a single scratch on my body. You have nothing to be sorry about. We were able to reunite like this.”

“...I couldn't save a single thing that is important to you.”

“Important? What is that?”

Again, there was no reply.

Supatifila, who stood in the back also refused to return my gaze.



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“What happened? Tell me. In this unsatisfying state, I don’t know what to do now...please, Rahsa.”

After some time, the heavy doors of Rahsa’s room opened.

Rahsa was standing there with swollen red eyes.

“Aniki, we don’t know where Eliza is. I am so sorry. This was all brought on by my own dull-wittedness.”

“...Eliza disappeared by her own will?”

“...yes.”

“Did you push her to?”

“...no.”

“Then why are you apologizing. Why are you at fault?”

“I could not protect Eliza in spite of foreseeing that this could happen.”

“That’s just your pride. No one could have predicted it, even if you did, you aren’t responsible. There is no need for you to apologize or feel bad about it.”

“But, I...”

“Rahsa, you worked hard, didn’t you? Just knowing that fills my heart with happiness. Now, my cunning and quick-witted, but also charming Otoutobun. I will go and search for that willful princess that disappeared without a word. Will you help me?”

I don’t know why Eliza decided to disappear, but she is not that delicate of a person. We just need to find her, that is all.

“Y, yes...I will help you with everything that I got!”

He was desperately holding back tears but managed to complete the sentence courageously. Rahsa, there is no reason for you to suffer for me. You should always be laughing. I’m happier that way.

I heard a lot about the Deauville family.

Eyan Deauville’s crimes were diverse, big and small, once the cork came loose, information released like a flood. It was now impossible to hide, and there were too many to be able to defend.

The king decided to acknowledge the work he had accomplished until now, and he was declared innocent as a pardon, but his fortune was confiscated to appease the general public.

The Deauville’s lost their house, station, and fortune.

The blow hit Eyan Deauville the hardest, and he would not even lend an ear to Tsukimi and Eriza who talked about starting over.

And then the devil whispered into his ear.

There was a proposal from Brau Dartanel to have his son Fregen and Eliza be engaged. That he would give him a fortune and a station if he accepted. And it

seemed that Fregen already had his eye on Eliza... Eliza refused, and Tsukimi was also against it. However, Eyan Deauville had been severely weakened in both body and soul, he could not resist the sweet smell of the poisoned honey and he accepted the offer without telling anyone.

Tsukimi was furious at him, and since she was originally from a different country, she decided to take Eliza with her and return to her country by boat. However, on the day of departure, Eliza would also disappear from the boat and out of Tsukimi's sight. This news was brought to us by a letter from Tsukimi, leading to the current situation.

Like this, the Deauvilles' lost not just their fortune, but their precious family was all split apart.

Translations by [AsianHobbyist](#) Website **Chapters are split into pages**

“...Thank you, for telling me.”

“Yes, I should have told you sooner, I didn't want to disappoint you...I was scared.”

“Rahsa, I don't want to disappoint you either. I'm scared. I know how you feel.”

“...Thank you. Older brother and Rail are searching for her whereabouts now. But, they haven't found any clues.”

“...okay, we'll go and search as soon I change clothes.”

“Do you have a hunch?”

“I don't know. But it's much better than waiting.”

After a shift of emotional gears, I took the now psyched up Rahsa to go and chase Eliza's footsteps. We visited Eyan Deauville, but he didn't know where

she could have gone. Tsukimi had already boarded the boat and was no longer in the country.

So then, there was no trace left to us besides the house... And that may have already been inspected. But we have to go. We will!

“There are no longer any of the Deauville’s living here. No one is allowed inside without permission now.”

“Is that so. Butler Flotar, I was wondering if I can ask you something?”

“...yes, I will see what I can do.”



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I banged the door, but no one came out.

This house lost its owner, but this house was also special. Only the prime minister was allowed to live here. During times where the station was open, the house was managed by the butler. If he refused to open it, the door of this house could only be opened by force.

“OPEN UP!!”

“OPEN UP!!”

I and Rahsa began to bang the door as we became irritated. We had to bang it. We’ll continue banging until he opens the door!

I don’t know how long we were there. I feel the door become light all of a

sudden. It wasn't just me. The door was unlocked and then opened.

“You'll hurt your hands.”

“Flotar!! Where's Eliza!? Is Eliza here?”

“No one of the Deauville family is here. Even if I did serve her before, she no longer has the right to enter this property.”

“Then, have you heard anything!? Something from Eliza!”

“...a butler does not open his mouth lightly. It's a matter of trust.”

“Who cares about that! If you know something about Eliza, you have to tell me!”

“I care about it. It is very important to me as a butler.”

“Ahhh! I get it! You will not carry any sentiments about your previous master, you're an amazing and loyal butler who is dedicated to his work! But you should be careful that your job isn't replaced by machines!”

The words burst out in a fit of anger. I regretted it a little.

There wasn't actually any fault with Flotar. The only thing he had done was to work hard. What I'm doing is no different than what a spoiled child does. Hitting at anything when I'm angry.

“That's preposterous. As if a machine could replace a butler!”

“They could! Looking at your current work, they definitely could!”

“Hey! I will not silently watch as you demean my profession! Listen here! Butler's feel affection too! Even more so for outstanding masters! What I am about to say, is something I will be mumbling to myself, and you must not overhear it! Is that understood!? My former master, Eliza, loved chiffon cake, the morning that she disappeared, she said something. Perhaps I'll go to eat a potato from the far east, that is what she whispered. And she was someone that liked chiffon cake!”

Potato from the far east...?

“Aniki, is that!?”

“Yeah, the far east as seen from the imperial capital is...”

If restricted to this country, the far east would point to a certain location.

“Helan territory! Eliza is going towards Helan!”

“Aniki, we should go! We might be able to catch up with her if we leave now.”

“That’s true. ...yes, let’s go!!”

We have to hurry. In order to catch up with her.



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pages**

没落予定なので、  
**鍛冶職人を目指す**

著 **CK** ◆かわく



Chapter split into three(3) pages. I have fixed the issues that I had with ads so I am looking to focus on Botsuraku and catch up with the author before he dumps another 16 chapters on me haha

## **Botsuraku Youtei**

### **Chapter 92**

At the east end of the country, the lovable Helan territory.... However, that person was still not found. Neither on the road nor at the destination, she was nowhere to be found. Where have you gone, Eliza...?

Helan territory could be called peace itself; As if all the disturbances of the capital are from another world, the time in Helan territory was flowing slowly and peacefully. It seems like my home's hot spring is still good for the skin.

When I went back to the mansion, Lotson-san was standing there with an apologetic face. To think Lotson-san, who is like the classic example of a capable man, would make such a face...

“Welcome back, Kururi-sama.”

“Thank you. More importantly, did something happen?”

“....Yes. The feudal lord has fallen sick. If possible, please show him your healthy face.”

“Father has?!”

I hurried to his bedroom.

He was a fragile person mentally from the beginning and to trouble him even more with this incident. I am so sorry.

“Father, Kururi has returned.”

What did he go through to lose weight and become this thin..... And for some reason, he had turned into quite a handsome guy. Eh.. what? So he looks good when he is thin...?

“Ohhh, Kururi. So you have really returned. The moment I heard you got captured, I was really, really, worried.”

“Sorry to have worried you. But, as you can see, I have returned now and am healthy so please don’t worry anymore. Please focus on your own health from now on.”

“I see. As expected from my son. Actually, when you were arrested, a secret messenger from the Dartanel family came. They wanted the Helan territory in exchange for getting you out of the prison with their power. I....”

To think that family’s evil influence also came this far... I can’t forgive them. Making my father suffer with those two unchoosable options.

“I chose the Helan territory.”

You chose Helan territory?!! Be worried!! And pick me!

“Well, of course, I was really troubled over it but the Helan territory is a important land our ancestors have left us, after all. And also, the capable Lotson also said that there is nothing to worry about if it’s you. And things more or less

go smoothly when I listen to him so....”

Kuuggh! I guess there are some truth which are better left unheard.

“I am terribly sorry, Kururi-sama. However, I had believed that if it was you, you could get out of the situation by yourself. And that you would have wanted us to protect this Helan territory as well.”

Saying that with such a serious face really gives off the feeling of him being capable but, it is the truth, right? You didn’t abandon me or anything, right?

“It’s fine. I am sorry to have made you guys worry.”

“No, this is just because of the food poisoning from the rotten first-class meat I had the other day and the Dartanel family isn’t connected or anything. Things turn out fine when I do as Lotson-kun says and I didn’t really worry that much either....”

Is it okay if I punch this guy? He is my father and has food poisoning but can I punch him? He is even having first-class meat and what not. Where is that, by the way?

“Haa, I am utterly shocked. Just stay thin like that and keep looking good. Come, Lotson-san, you don’t need to aid my father while I am here.”

“Yes, understood.”

“Oi! Kururi! If Lotson-kun isn’t here, I wouldn’t know what to do anymore! I am not kidding! Are you okay with that?! Oi, next feudal lord!!”

Leaving the handsome dude on the bed, we changed location.

I brought up the important matter with Lotson-san.

“Lotson-san, you know Eliza, right?”

“Yes, your school friend, Eliza Deauville, right?”

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“As expected of you. That Eliza has disappeared. It has already been a few weeks. I can’t grasp her whereabouts at all. Judging from a clue, I thought she would be here in Helan territory. I don’t care how much money needs to be spent, please find her.”

“Understood. I shall also try the neighboring territories as well.”

“Thank you very much. Also, that thing father also talked about, the talk about handing over the territory to Dartanel family. Let me hear all of it.”

Seems like Lotson-san took necessary measures regarding this beforehand so I was able to hear some more details.

“If we had given away Helan territory, it would have returned to the country, meaning to the unified lands. However, governing a land so far out would be difficult so they would need a new landlord for the most part. I believe the Dartanel family had the confidence of taking that seat.”

“.....It might be weird for me to say this but, is there that much value to this remote region? I know, we are prospering recently but if they wanted money, I think the capital would be far better, right?”

“I also think so but it seems like they are looking far ahead. Using my underground intel collecting system, I got a hold of some really fascinating data.”

Underground intel collecting system....? I guess I will leave that aside for now but I do want to hear about it in detail some other day.



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“This.”

Lotson-san presented a bulky parchment, in which a plan of a vehicle was written about in detail.

This is....

“I do not know of the details but it seems like a magic train. Using magic, they are trying to carry huge boxes.”

“Train, eh... I see, Helan territory and the capital... they want to use railroads to connect these two areas..”

“It seems like Kururi-sama understands what this is about. So as I thought, Helan territory is needed for this project?”

“Yes, they probably need this land to single-handedly take over the whole distribution. If something like this is done, the country’s development will be spectacular.”

I guess there are amazing people in every era, huh? Even if they are on the enemy side, this deserves my honest praise.

“Then, is it a good thing?”

“Yes, if the leader is a capable person, it will probably turn out to be good. However, if a person engulfed by greed becomes the leader, then this will result in something tragic. The labour needed to complete this and the strife over its rights after completion... If it is not lead properly, this country will probably fall prey to an incurable disease.”

“Fortunately, we were able to get a hold of the project early on. I also know of the person who made this project. Rather, how about Kururi-sama takes control of it after crushing the Dartanel family? If it is you, you can bring forth the just result.”

You just said something pretty scary without hesitation now... Something like crushing the Dartanel family or something...

“The biggest problem will be the labour, I think. Considering the lack of funds, we don’t have any way other than to force the workers to work. If we do that, we

will have to live on top of someone's sorrow. It isn't something I would like to do."

"Then, you are saying that, at this stage, it is quite a harsh project?"

"It will most definitely give birth to a big distortion. It was really good that we were able to know of this early on. We can't hand over Helan territory no matter what now. That much is certain."

"I see. If you are willing to do it, I will support you with all my strength anytime. Then, I will immediately dispatch men for Eliza-sama's search."

"I leave it you."

This plan of a magic train, it isn't something which should be easily leaked

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At noon, I welcomed Rahsa, who had come by a different route. He also couldn't find Eliza. Did Eliza really aim for Helan territory? It is a bit late to think of this but I can't help but worry.

The next morning, the people Lotson-san gathered were in front of the mansion. That's some amazing connections...

"The future Mrs. Helan has gone missing for a few weeks now. To confirm of her safety, we need to depart immediately. I have prepared a portrait, so I want you guys to circulate it to the other territories as well. Well then, everyone, I expect good results!"

Future Mrs. Helan.....? As expected of a capable person! Moreover, the portrait's quality is high! The eyes are exactly the same.... I shall keep one for myself.

"To think you would be able to do all this in just a night. As always, I am always being saved by you, Lotson-san."

"Not at all, I am that much of a remuneration, after all."



“Really? I think you would be able to earn far more if you went to the capital, though.”

“It is because I am working under Kururi-sama that my work feels worthwhile.

“....Thank you.”

He sure says some embarrassing stuff. Although it makes me happy.



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However, Lotson-san’s contribution was also in vain and Eliza was still not found. Only time passed by. Where have you gone, Eliza?

\_\_\_\_\_.

This is the Dartanel mansion.

This building, which is excessively luxurious even for one in the capital, had many rooms. It was mostly built extravagantly, to show off to the visitors but inside there were rooms which even the employees did not know of. Only the people who inherit the name of Dartanel can enter those rooms....

Beyond the dim passage, inside the room, there were people waiting—

“The time to make you people work has come once again.”

Brau Dartanel and his son, Fregen Dartanel, entered the room and explained the details to the dwellers inside, who were four people. Anyone could guess

they were not just any human from a glance.

The man in the middle of the room with the eye patch answered as the representative,

“We had to seal the mouth of the jailer last time. What is it now? We are needed out there quite a lot recently.”

“Yes, it is an important time, after all. I am also paying you for that, right?”

“....That is also true.”

“The next job is a little far. Towards the far east, the Helan territory. Erase it's feudal lord and his son. Is that possible?”

“Possible, you say?”

The man with the eyepatch said with a smile. It was a terribly distorted smile. So much that their employer, Brau and Fregen, were also somewhat scared.

“Tell me the names. Names of the target.”

“Toral Helan and his son, Kururi Helan.”

“Understood.”

Here, Fregen says something which he didn't need to. At the very least, he hadn't said anything like this so far.

“Kururi Helan. Make him meet a terrible end.”

“....I do not like when people meddle in my job.”

He said with a very gloomy, low voice. One couldn't grasp the feelings behind the words, whether it was rage or something else. However, Fregen who had heard that, knew true fear. Fregen, who was supposed to be their employer.

“But, it is unusual for you guys to be descriptive. Fine, we will do our best with Kururi Helan. We will take extra reward for it.”

Just as they finished, the four of them disappeared. It was like the father and son of the Dartanel family had seen an illusion for a moment.

However, they were able to believe that if it was those 4, they could finish the job this time, once and for all. All that's left for them to do is wait for the report of the job's completion, like always.

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pages**

没落予定なので、  
**鍛冶職人を目指す**

著 **CK** ◆かわく



Chapter got translated earlier than I thought so yay!. There will be 2 chapters of Duke's Daughter also released today. Two more chapters of Duke's Daughter will be released tomorrow but will be available to all patrons today including \$1 patrons.

Cheers!

## **Botsuraku Youtei**

### **Chapter 93**

Just waiting is honestly really tiring. My body won't last if I keep getting depressed like this every time Lotson-san brings in a new report. And so, I have come to the library to relax. I liked this place ever since I was really young. It's really calming, being just appropriately narrow and even that wise old man Moran is here.

What book shall I make him introduce me to today...? Now that I think about it, I haven't been able to read many books recently.

"Oho? It has been a while, young master."

"It has already been a week since I got back, though. You don't come out of the library so I don't get to meet you much, do I?"

"I am just an employee here, there's no need for me to show my face, now is there? And besides, I can hear all kinds of news even while being locked up here, as well. Looks like you have been dragged into something quite noisy lately."

Old man Moran replied as he kept on reading his book. Where does he get all these info anyway? He has always been weird and mysterious like that.

"It feels nostalgic, reading books together with you like this."

“You haven’t aged as much as to feel nostalgic of the past, have you?”

“I guess that is also true.”

“How about it, young master? Shall I teach you about various things since it has been a while?”

I had come to the library to relax but talking to old man Moran like this somehow swirls up my thirst for knowledge. It has been a while after all, so I guess I will obediently take him up on the offer.

“Go ahead.”

At last, he closed his book, and came towards me.

It seems like he was looking forward to this as well.

“As you have been feeling exhausted recently, I shall teach you some good barrier magic. Seems like a lot of people come trying to make fun of you so this might prove helpful in defending yourself.”

“Barrier magic, eh? I am looking forward to it.”

“Well then, let’s start right away. I will be teaching you elementary barrier magic today. First, put in mana into 3 places around the resident evenly spaced and come back.”

He wouldn’t say anymore before I did that, so I obliged.

I was especially good at materializing mana. Mustering up densely packed magic, I stuffed them into the soil.

After accurately selecting three points so that it would make an equilateral triangle, I carefully executed the work.

When I went back to report to old man Moran, I found him waiting there with his eyes closed. Looks like he was detecting the magic.

“Hmm, very thoroughly done. Very well. Next, we tie these 3 points. Can you detect the 3 points of mana you stuffed?”

“Yes, I can.”

“Try imagining tying those points into the sky.”

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Mmm, I don't really understand well but I tried releasing the mana points to tie them up in air. Will this be fine?

“Hmm, hmm, that's good. The height is about 5 meters now. We want this to be 15 more meters high. Can you merge them up at the top?”

“I could still go on.”

Just as he wished, I went exactly 20 meters high and stopped there.

With this, a triangular pyramid of mana should have formed.

“Lastly, we will change the magic's nature. We would change it to holy nature but, you haven't done that once yet, have you?”

“Yeah, this is my first time hearing about it.

“Well, it is quite simple. Purity. Try pouring in your sincere feelings, it will change into holy nature.”

Sincere feelings? How do you do that?

Bad person, don't come! Is this okay?

“Oooh?! You're doing it, you're doing it. That's well, it's done. With this, people with ill will can't enter the mansion easily.”



“Glad to hear that. It is pretty simple, isn’t it?”

“Right? ... but, one wouldn’t be able to do it normally, though.”

“....”

“Normally one would need to go through a year of training to be able to do this. And even then, they might not be able to build such a barrier. It’s even better than the ones I make...”

...Hmm? Did I overdo it again? I have been doing that a lot lately...

“Why would you make me do such a thing?”

“I thought you would be able to do it. And you actually were able to do it. As expected of the young master.”

“Stop it, old man. I feel like I took another step towards being a weirdo.”

“Hohoho, I do not think changing is a bad thing, you know. For now, the barrier is also done so you can rest at ease from now.”

“Old man, you’re mean. I guess I will rest for a while. Quite a bit of my mana was taken away, after all.”

“It would be good for you to sleep. While sleeping peacefully...”

While feeling somewhat uneasy seeing how old man Moran said that like he was talking of the future, I left the library behind me.

“Wait, young master.”

“Mm? What is it?”

“It’s about your mana’s element but...”

“What?”

“No, hmm, just that it’s an element I had read about somewhere... I feel like it was quite important... Mmm... I forgot. Well, it’s fine.”

No, it’s not, is it?! I am really curious

now!!

Well, it would do no good to bug him if he can't remember so I just prayed he would soon. Please, make it soon.

My noisy father also went to sleep and Lotson-san was heading out. The night outside was peaceful and silent, and I had gone to bed early because of that, but to think such a thing would happen so suddenly at this timing.

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While I was sleeping on the bed, suddenly, I could hear a loud sound which made me open my eyes.

There's no doubt. There's someone who got caught in the barrier... 4 of them.

I can tell they are quite skilled. Tension rushed throughout my body. It is a barrier which wouldn't catch anyone off unless they have ill will. It is the enemy, without a doubt.

4 people during the night... is this an assassination...?

I jumped up and tightly grasped the sword close to me.

And rushed towards the 4 people who were caught by the barrier.

There they are! Just as I felt, there were 4.

....Hmm?

“Umm... why do you guys already have wounds all over your body?”

I came resolved to clash with the 4 but the they were already all bloody and crawling on the floor. Why? There shouldn't be any guard dogs in our house.

“Damn it!! What is this absurdly strong barrier?! This is my first time seeing such a thing!”

The eye-patch man said, standing up.

.....ehhhh?! You got done in by the barrier?! The one I built in the afternoon?!

“Aniki, what do we do? Do we go on with the mission?”

“Of course. Fortunately enough, the stupid target came out of the barrier by himself. There’s no way us 4 siblings can mess up a job. Luck is also on our side, let’s get this over with.”

3 men and one woman. They all have weapons all around their body.

I can tell that they are quite skilled.

I was planning on ambushing them but if I lose focus even for a moment, there’s no doubt I would get killed.

“Come!!”

The four came rushing in. With perfect timing. One can tell that they have trained quite a lot together.

I have no other choice but to deflect them with a wide scope magic here.

And as such, I materialized a flaming dome of wall. As expected, they didn’t overextend and all 4 of them got down. They really are good.

“Guhaa!!”

For some reason, one of them collapsed.

“What happened, little brother!?”

The little brother with a scar on his forehead spit out blood and fell down.

What happened here?! I am pretty sure my magic didn’t hit!!

“Aniki, the barrier’s damage is nasty... As I got done in by the barrier first, I received the most damage too...”

It is still working? I kinda feel bad for them now.

“Darn it!! You rest, we 3 will get him.”

Even after one of them fell, they came attacking with perfect cooperation.

They came using magic, and once I had dodged that, another came throwing weapons. And before I realized, they had closed in and I had no other choice but to deflect their attacks by sword. Blocking, deflecting, dodging, I also took them

on with all my force. The fight was always on the edge.

After a series of blocking and attacking, they were the first to change.

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“Damn! They didn’t say anything about this guy being so good!”

“Aniki, this guy isn’t just another noble.”

“I am running out of stamina so I will be going with *that*. Get ready!”

“Aniki, if you use that, it will create a lot of noise.”

“Just do it! At this rate, as time passes, we might be the ones done in first.”

“...Got it.”

It seemed like they were planning something different now, as the little brother with a scar on his forehead had also joined them.

The only female member among them started chanting. I know that she can use magic from the fight earlier. Judging from how long her chant is, something big must be coming.

If so, I just have to start attacking myself.

After using flame magic towards the 4, I went charging towards the woman myself. While they would be dealing with the flame magic, my sword would reach the woman... or at least be able to stop her chanting.

However, something unexpected happened here.

The eye-patched aniki came charging towards me, taking on the flame magic head on.

I had no choice but to brush him off with my sword first. Although it is a short sword, he easily fell down taking in the damage from the slash and magic in it.

“Impossible! I guess it was a foolish plan, after all...”

Even though it was to defend the chanting, that was too stupid. I have not used any half-assed magic. Of course he

would be lethally wounded if he took it on completely. Unfortunately, I couldn't stop the chanting with this but at least one of them is definitely unable to fight now. Counting the one who almost got beaten by the barrier, this makes two of them almost unable to fight.

“Fuhahaha! You're an idiot! Now the spell is complete.”

The eye-patched man said, crawling on the floor on the verge of death.

The woman's chanting was complete and an enormous amount of mana broke forth.

The mana poured into the 4. This was my first time seeing magic like this.

“This is the end. It will get a little noisy but the number of people who didn't die after I activated 'godification magic' is zero.”

The woman boasted about her victory. Her physical appearance slowly started to change.

Her shoulder width began to grow and her muscles started to bulge. Her skin started to turn red and a strong burly horn appeared on her forehead. By the time the transformation was complete, there were 4 monsters of 2 meter height standing there.

“I told you, right? You're an idiot.”

...Even the eye-patched guy, who was lying there like a dead bug had revived. He should have been on the verge of dying.

After seeing this, even I couldn't stop sweating.

It was really close even before.

Even the guy with the scar on the forehead had revived now.

“I don't have much time so I will be finishing this quick.”

With their best smile on, the 4 siblings came charging in.

Their speed now was on a completely different scale.

They all came attacking at the same time with astounding speed.

—dodge it?! That's not possible!

Should I make a dome with magic like before?! No, I definitely won't be able to make it.

Shit, they are too fast. I am being able to think of various situations despite that but my body won't react in time.

...Guh, this is bad!

Their attack didn't even take a second to reach me. All four hits hit me in my vitals.

Without even being able to feel pain, my body flew.

Human bodies fly so easily... I feel like my consciousness will also fly off any moment now.

Ah, I am seeing a revolving lantern now, the scenery is shifting so slowly.

I am supposed to be flying at an intense speed right now but for some reason it feels like I was taking a walk in the air.

It's over. This is definitely game over. I lived a good life. Although I lost to authority in my last moment. You did your best, me.

A lot happened but the curtains close with this.

“Guhaa!!”

No, looks like it still isn't over.

My body crashed into the floor and intense pain ran through my whole body. I received four unreserved attacks from monsters. It doesn't look like I will be able to get away with this easily. If I were to show my damage taken by ribs broken, it would definitely be about 6... no, let's make it 8. Even 10 is possible.

“See? You're at death's door now. Son of a bitch, making me even use the godification. I can't move my body for a whole week if I use this.”

“Like I... care...”

This is bad... I want to talk back but I can't even speak properly. My throat feels dry.

"Finish it before somebody comes. We also need time to break the barrier."

"Yessir."

The guy with the scar came near me. Compared to his giant hands now, the short sword he was gripping felt even shorter. Even though it felt like that, there's no mistaking that that weapon can prove to be fatal for me. He will probably pierce my heart with it.

I need to move. I need to run. But... my body won't listen to me.

There is nothing more that I can do...

"See ya later, young noble!"

He swung the sword downwards and my heart was pierced.

.....I feel really sleepy.

I will probably run out of energy soon enough. I tried looking around with the little strength I had left. The barrier was still working. They probably won't be able to get through it easily. Besides, even old man Moran is inside. Rahsa is also there. They surely won't go down easily. I am sorry I couldn't be of help.

Well then, I guess I will take a nap.

-crack!-

Something broke.

Ah... did another of my rib bone break?

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Mm? No, this is the magic stone I brought from the stone Rahsa introduced to me. Even that tough stone broke from that monsters attack. Ah, I even paid quite a lot for it.

No...

The magic stone didn't break from the attack. I somehow brought the stone into my sight.

This stone... was it always this color? Was it this greyish white? And rather than being broken, it feels like its insides have turned to sand. This...?

Ah, I might have got it.

I ate it. Me.

I needed mana so I unconsciously sucked it in. I did hear it had quite a lot of it... Wow, what an appetite I have.

But, it doesn't matter now. Blood is pouring out from my heart. This really is the last— “You were the strongest opponent we faced recently. Think of it as an honor.”

It seems that I still haven't died, as I could hear such a voice faintly.

I am surprisingly quite tough, huh?

.....Did an earthquake occur just now? No, this is just my body shaking, eh.

Is this how one dies? What is this?

At that moment, my body rose up, as if to deny gravity. My consciousness came back, clearer than ever.

I can feel all my senses getting sharper.

My pierced heart... the wound had closed and blood stopped dripping. Was it all an illusion? There's no way. This is weird.

As I tried putting in strength, this time my body started floating. My body is overflowing with strength. This feeling... it's the same as that time when I sucked in mana. Why is this happening now? Moreover, I feel stronger than before.

“What? Why are you getting up again? And even floating?!”

As the guy with the scar was still nearby, he noticed the abnormality and again came trying to thrust his sword into me.

I blocked it off with a mana wall. The sword couldn't cross the invisible wall. I



just blocked this monster's absurd strength with just mana. The opponent's speed to which I couldn't even react before, looked slow to me now.

“This guy... what is this mana?!”

The other 3 also came charging in.

They couldn't stay as composed as before now, and weren't hiding their confusion towards my change.

“What is happening?!”

They asked, not directing to particularly anyone. Well then, I shall answer.

“...I also don't really understand.”

Honestly, I would like to know myself. Why is my mana rampaging so much? I can feel an excitement I have never felt before.

“You brat, are you fooling with us?!”

“I am not. But, it seems like a lot has gotten better. Seems like my broken bones have also been fixed. My heart too, see? The wound's closed.”

“This b\*\*tard !”

The eye-patched guy lost his composure seeing this unusual phenomenon. However, with one signal, the four came attacking again with their combination moves, from all sides.

With this speed and power which can even break a boulder. And four of those.

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There's nothing I can do. Can't even block. Or so I thought.

Or so I thought but, I could see their movements all too well.

I blocked off these four attacks with mana wall from all four sides as well.

None of their attacks could pass the wall. They were pitifully powerless.

“Impossible?! What is going on?! What the hell is going?!”

“This is it. It’s over. I am hungry.”

I was almost unconscious. If someone were to ask me how I did it, I would say I don’t know. I just somehow, did it. That would be the most suitable response.

As I extended my hand, the space distorted.

A whirlpool of mana came out in the air.

“I will be taking that.”

As I projected my hand out grasped the air tightly, the whirlpool revolved and in a twinkle, mana was being sucked in.

From people, and from nature.

I can feel my stomach getting full.

“What?! My strength is...”

Their godification broke. It would be more appropriate to say that it was broken. By my hand.

“We should still have plenty of time! Why?! Why?!!”

The whirlpool’s revolution didn’t stop.

Even after sucking in the godification’s mana, the whirlpool didn’t stop before their mana dried up. The surroundings didn’t change but they were certainly being drained, by me. And then, everything fell silent.

“Fuu, thank you for the meal.”

The day began, I woke up from the bed and washed my face.

After having breakfast, I looked at the scenario outside the mansion for a while.

I poured myself a hot cup of tea and headed underground while it cooled off a bit.

“Umm, we are berry chorry! And cho... can we have cham breakfast too?”

The 4 siblings were there, beaten to a pulp.

The ones who did whatever they pleased yesterday night.

“Eh? What did you say?”

“....No, nothing, sir.”

Seems like they sensed my anger. It saves me the trouble if they are perceptive like this.

“Ummm, when can we be released...?”

“Eh? You think I will let you go? After trying to take someone’s life?”

“....We are sorry!”

My tea should probably be cooled off to a nice temperature by now and so I went to drink.

“Ehhh?! Are you leaving us? Seriously?! Are you really not going to let us go?!!”

Yep, really.

After drinking the tea, and some light exercises, I went to the basement again.

“Ummm, what shall we do...?”

“Eh? What?”

“...Sorry. I am scared so could you please talk normally?”

“Eh? Is something off?”

“...The difference between that kind voice and the fully open eyes is really scary, yes.”

“Ah, is that so?”

“....I am sorry!! We got ahead of ourselves. Umm, we were the strongest in our area and also unparalleled in the capital so we became conceited! We were employed by a big noble and so ended up thinking the world is ours. We are very sorry!”

# pages

“Ha?”

“We are sorry! The world is really big! We never thought handsome Kururi-sama would be this strong. Haha—, we were really a frog in a well, huh?”

“Handsome... eh? Continue.”

“Ah, yes. Um, so what shall we continue?”

“What did you come here to do? Spit out everything you know. Who is your employer? Spit it all out and add pig b\*\*tard to the names.”

It seems like the eye-patched guy was trying to be professional, as he seemed to be worrying and hesitating to speak.

“Eh? You won’t speak?”

“Sorry! That kind tone and eyes are too scary so please stop! Our employer is the Dartanel house’s Brau Dartanel!”

“Ha? Did you not hear what I just said? Add pig b\*\*tard to it.”

“Eh? Ah, yes. Our employer is the pig b\*\*tard Brau Dartanel.”

“Very well. Was your mission to kill me?”



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“Yes. And also your father and Toral-dono. That was all pig b\*\*tard Dartanel asked us to do. Ah, also, his son, the pig b\*\*tard Fregen Dartanel said to specially torment you before killing!”

“Oho? Very well.”

So they have finally resorted to manual labour, eh. They want this land that much. And they are that greedy. There is probably no need to forgive them anymore.

“Alright, as reward for spitting it all out, I shall give you breakfast. Will apple’s skin be okay?”

“No! You can’t do that to us!”

“Eh? You don’t want it?”

“No, please, we want it!”

“So, the stem? Or the seeds?”

“....The skin, please, thank you very much.”

I kept squeezing out information from them after that, as well. More and more. All about the Dartanel family’s evil deeds in the past. However, they didn’t know about the important part, about what the Dartanels were planning on doing now. Seems like they don’t have any interest in things other than their job.

“Kururi-sama, umm, when will you be releasing us?”

“Ah, after I ask old man Moran if he knows any brainwashing magic, and if he does, I will release you after I use it.”

“Please, no! Anything but that!”

It seems like they really didn’t want that as they started to make a racket so I decided not to.

“You guys will be living in the Helan territory from now on. I will give you some land so quietly live there. I won’t forgive any trouble. You do understand, right?”

“....Yessir.”

I released the noisy 4.

I don’t have time to be doing these.

I need to search for Eliza.

Difficulties just keep coming one after the other. If this keeps up, when will I ever be able to find Eliza? Can I not meet her again?"

Days went on as I kept worrying endlessly. Lotson-san and Rahsa were also getting tired day by day.

It's no good at this rate. But, what should I do?

...At that moment, a strange letter arrived in the mansion.

I opened it without hesitation and read it.

The events after that were all too sudden. History's worst-ever calamity struck.

没落予定なので、  
**鍛冶職人を目指す**

著 **CK** ◆かわく



## Chapter 94

The sender of the letter was unknown. Well, on it was written –'Mysterious man and woman', though.

They are calling themselves mysterious so it really is a mystery to me. Although it looked really suspicious but I had no choice but to open it and read it, as it could also be a clue to finding Eliza.

*[Helan territory is in a pinch or something. Measures should probably be taken immediately. The great drought will come in a month or something! We are also trying to think of something but still couldn't think up a breakthrough solution or something. Oh landlord, start preparing your residents to flee or something! Hurry or something! Helan territory is close to getting beaten by a curse or something!]*

Umm, is it okay if I tear this to shreds?



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There is absolutely nothing specific written on it and it kinda irritates me. Who is the person who sent this letter!?

I opened this hoping it was a clue to finding Eliza, or something! But all it was filled with was 'or something!'.

We do get these urban legend type letters from time to time. This is the landlord's mansion, for what it matters. There's an abundance of these.

In the first place, if you're going to send letters like this seriously, you should



at least name yourself or something!

I can't ask for the details even if I wanted now, can I?

Suppressing my anger, I closed the letter. I shall silently add it with the papers which needs to be incinerated.

However, the contents of the letter still remained in my heart...

How many days have past since then? There's no progress. Will it be better to just stop searching for her now? The academy will also be opening soon. Will she come? No, she probably won't.

I made Rahsa return to the capital.

Seems like prince Arch and Iris are also searching for clues in the capital. But they too have come up with nothing.

The prime minister's post was still empty.

The memories of the Deauville family were starting to slowly disappear from the citizens minds. No matter how much power you may possess, when you decline, you fall real hard.

The Dartanel family has also not moved ever since.

They should be convicted soon but since their guard is really tough, doing that properly has also become a challenge. Everything had stopped.

And then, one day. The bad news came in all of a sudden.

Lotson-san came running into the house, with his face all pale. It was my first time seeing his face like this, as his face is usually the calmest of the calm faces.

Did your wife run away on you?!

"Kururi-sama! ...The hot spring... the hot spring has withered."

"...What?!"

He immediately lead me to it.

The hot spring, which was the most popularity among all the attractions in the Helan territory, had withered. This hot spring, which was the biggest one in terms of size, had dried up all together.

“When did this start happening?”

“It seems the change had occurred today. It had already become like this when I came to check on it in the morning.”

“Were there no signs or symptoms?”

“No... none at all. It really just happened all of a sudden...”

“That can’t be...”

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pages**

没落予定なので、  
鍛冶職人を目指す

著 CK ◆かわく



It happened a long time ago.

Not only was Old Moran not old when it happened, he was in the middle of his youth.

Sixteen-year-old Moran. He was a handsome man with delicate, silver hair and strong eyes and nose. This was when he was a child of nobility and attended the Elenoire Academy.

He was serious in his studies and was always at the top of his class. He would read books alone and gave off a certain air that made it difficult for others to talk to him.

He was very obstinate, with a tendency to look down on others and he was also quick to anger, but his good looks made him popular with girls. Which of course, meant that he was most hated by the other male students. And because of all those reasons, he did not have a single person he could call a friend.

One day during recess, he was seen staring at something instead of reading his beloved books.



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His silver hair flew in the wind as his sharp eyes looked intently at a single woman.

At 16, the young Moran had discovered what it was to be in love.

He was looking at her with a hard expression, but inside, his heart was thumping.

The woman who had caught Moran's eye was finally notified about his passionate stare from a friend, and she finally saw him. Her expression suggested that she was not pleased by the attention, and he quickly ran from the spot. Other girls may have been glad of Moran's passionate stare, but this woman was not moved by such things.

The girl's name was Harp Helan. As her name suggested, she had a beautiful voice. She was an arresting woman with short, red hair. Always smiling, like she was enjoying herself, and her large eyes shone brightly as if they endlessly saw things that drew her interest. She disliked being in large crowds and preferred to be alone and do as she pleased. In other words, she too was a little eccentric. It is not certain if that was what drew Moran in, but he was unmistakably in love with her.

His feelings grew as the days went on. But his feelings were not conveyed. His legs would not allow him to act. And there were no signs of her turning back to notice his presence.

Moran lived idly for days. His distance to her was not closing.

While the days went by, he was slowly able to see the relationships she had with those around her. Generally speaking, she did not have any friends that she was especially close with, but there was one place that she would always visit at least once every two days.

Moran felt a sense of guilt at his own actions but followed her anyway. It is something that has been a constant throughout the ages, that people are

moved to foolish action once the fire in their heart has been lit.

The place that she regularly visited was an underground storehouse that was full of old books. It was a dusty place with library books that were almost never read. They were the types of books that even an avid reader like Moran would not have touched.

“You came nari! Harp came nari! Hurry up and take a seat nari!”

There was a man in the corner of the storehouse, and he was reading a book by candlelight. He was the one that Harp had been coming to see.

And Moran knew him as well. He was in the same year, the same class. How could he forget?

His name was Petel, and he always ended his words with nari! He was quite peculiar. He had a thin frame and was short in stature, his eyes drooped and he had a large nose and mouth. He could hardly be considered a handsome man.

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Were Petel and Harp in that kind of a relationship then!? Moran felt like the ground was crumbling beneath his feet. After all, this man named Petel was incredibly eccentric, even more so than Moran.

When did this happen!?

Moran cursed his lack of action. Maybe things would have been different if he had acted first. He was bitter. And that emotion turned into anger.

He angrily stormed in while the two were chatting away happily.

The two were given a nasty shock. No one was supposed to come down to this underground storehouse, and yet the famous Moran from the Academy

had stormed in with a furious expression. It was no wonder they were astonished.

This is was the moment that all three finally knew of each other. And from then on, it did not take long for the three of them to become good friends. Once Moran discovered that Petel and Harp were not lovers, he quickly started to see Petel in a more favorable light.

“So what is it? What are you two been doing together in this underground storehouse?”



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Moran asked one day. Harp and Petel looked at each other’s faces and hesitated to answer. This annoyed Moran even further. He was incredibly jealous that the two shared a secret that he was not a part of.

The two of them had started to understand that Moran had a short temper, and they decided to share their secret as proof of their friendship.

“Harp Helan. As my name suggests, my family is from the Helan territories.”

“Ahh, nobles form those borderlands. I heard about that.”



“Borderlands? How rude. Well, I suppose it is true. But it’s a great place. It’s rich with nature and the flowers are so beautiful. You couldn’t taste such luxury as playing a field of flowers in the imperial capital, could you?”

“Hmph. I wouldn’t call something like that a luxury. Luxury is precious stones and metals.”

“You really don’t get it.”

“Both of you don’t get it nari! Luxury is having books nari!”

All three of them had their own idea of luxury.

Harp said this wasn’t important, and tried to continue her story. Moran looked at her with a passionate stare. He was interested in what she was saying, but he was more interested in her. Petel seemed oblivious to this as he sat next to him, reading a book as if this had nothing to do with him.

“We can debate about this another time. First, about what I and Petel have been researching. It all started from a legend passed down in the Helan family.”

“Legend? Hmph. You still have things like that?”

Moran mocked her a little. It was a habit for him to look down on others. He was also quite a logical thinker, he disliked old myths and legends immensely. They were always so vague and unclear, and that is what bothered him about them.

However, Harp was quite insensitive to the feelings of others, and she was not bothered by Moran’s off-putting attitude.

“Yes, an old legend that’s been passed down. My now dead grandmother told it to me from when I was very young, it was very important.”

“What was it?”

Harp took in a deep breath. It was so important, that she did not want to start light-heartedly. Moran was a good friend. So she would tell him. This was right.

“Hundreds of years ago, the lands of the Helan territories were known for being cursed. Not only was it impossible to live there, but grass and trees would not grow. It had such a dark history, that it was even said that people who stepped foot into those lands would never return safely. The lands were within the domains of the country of Kudan, yet none of the nobles ever sought it...”

Moran listened intently. Harp’s earnest face demanded no less.

She usually had such a light-hearted air about her, yet she told the story so seriously. He had no desire to make fun of her now.

“It all started when a certain nobleman was ordered to go and live within those treacherous lands.”

He had been involved in a power struggle at the Royal Castle and was chased from the Capital. Likely, as an insult, he was given new lands, the Helan territories. This man named Helan would be the first lord of the Helan territories.



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He lost his old family name. He would live alone in his new land, under the one name, Helan.

This man named Helan had bright red hair, a slender yet strong body and a vitality that prevented him from ever getting sick. But what distinguished him the most, was that this young man was always smiling. He could talk easily with anyone, and he loved to laugh. While he was descended from a great house, he would often mingle with common people and visit ordinary alehouses. He would freely offer his help to others, regardless of their station. He was loved by many, but he had little regard for the fact that he carried noble blood.

Helan had no interest in power or wealth. It had really been incredibly unlucky that he was involved in the power struggle. But he had no will to fight back, he accepted the order to live out his days in the cursed land. However, he did not think that the order to live in the cursed lands was ill luck in itself. He had always enjoyed working his lands. Because he was born a nobleman, a talented one at that, he had no choice but to stay in the capital. But now, he was able to make his own way in life. He had something to be happy about.

He was alone in a land with no grass or trees. His sentence was practically banishment, yet he felt a liveliness every day that he was there.

He would sleep in a natural cave during the nights, and at the breaking of the dawn, he would plant grass and trees. He was always alone as he worked, he was so engrossed that he would often forget to rest. The days went on, sometimes he had food, sometimes he did not. His body grew thin, his once beautiful appearance had burned dark under the sun, and he looked like a different person. But he had no interest in that, he continued to fight alone in the cursed lands.

The grass and trees would not grow...

Nothing had happened. The barren lands stayed barren. The world may be changing, but these lands alone would not change. But there were some changes around Helan. He was no longer alone here. Thirty in all. They all had their own reasons for coming here, but come here they had. Helan did not question each of them about what their reasons were. He did not deny any of them, he shared what little food he had and they lived together.

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All of them felt grateful towards him, and they admired his humanity. There were some who had other places that they could have went, but they decided that they would carry on here, with Helan. Helan's will was to change this cursed land into a livable, rich place.

One day, Helan gathered together all the residents of his land. He said that he had something important to say.

"Everyone, I have long overlooked this fact, but there is something strange about the flow of magic in these lands. The magic that flows within the natural world is in disarray here. And not only is it in disarray, but it is being done intentionally... It is no wonder these lands are said to be cursed."

And what does that solve... Will this not only weaken our resolve? That was what some thought as they heard his words

"From now on, I will search every corner of these lands. I will even search the deeper corners that I've avoided. And I will expose whatever is causing this disarray of the flow of magic."

"And then what?" somebody asked.

"I will return it to normal, of course. And then this land will be free from the curse."

“But, how will you do it?”

“Fortunately, I’ve been blessed with a gift for magic. I promise you that I will find a way to lift the curse with magic. This gift was bestowed upon me for this very reason... That is what I’ve started to believe.”

“I don’t know if you should change the flow of magic within the natural world, something on such a scale could have consequences.”

Someone with an understanding of magic pointed out.

“I do not think that there won’t be consequences. However, this is my dream...”

There was no need to discuss it any further. He decided to abandon this area where they could barely live off of, and explore further, deep into the cursed lands.

Everyone agreed to this decision, and everyone wanted to go with him. Helan’s dream had become a dream for them all. They were all drawn to his blinding smile. His red hair would be a guide. No matter how far they were, they would not lose sight of that red hair...

The journey was a lot harder than anticipated. There was no end in sight, there was no guarantee that they would be successful. And yet no one abandoned the journey, and no one complained about the futility of it.

However, the harsh environment took Helan's companions one by one. Those with weaker bodies began to fall.

After three years, he was finally able to see the entire picture of the flow of magic in the Helan territory. And he was even able to determine where the source of all the magic was.

It was a place that would later be known as the Cursed Swamp of the Helan territories. Only thirteen of them reached this place. More than half of them had been lost.

“Long ago, when there was a different country here instead of Kudan. They say that a man known as a philosopher had eloped and ended his days in these lands. The old legend says that he sang a cursed song as he died. Who would have thought that the legend was true?”

Said one in the group who was knowledgeable of history. The swamp was proof that the story was true. The magic that erupted in a whirl from the bottom of the swamp was hurting the lands. The philosopher who slept in depths of the ground continued to sing, even in death, he was keeping the land under his curse. Everyone was frightened by the power, by the deep-seated hatred. But this land was also their hope. If they could heal it, the cursed lands would return to normal.

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This land near the cursed whirl was oddly covered in nature unlike everywhere else. This place that could be compared to the eye of a typhoon, where the curse was the strongest, appeared to have been affected the least.

The thirteen survivors decided to make this spot their base. Here, they would

attempt to break the curse. Their conviction was renewed.

And after a long ten years, the magic was finally complete.

Children were born, newcomers joined, their total numbers had grown to fifty. Helan was preparing for his final battle with the curse.



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“Everyone, please listen to me. I am going to put an end to the curse on this land. I have finally completed the magic to do it.”

Of course, everyone already knew this without him telling them. They had been thinking of little else during the long years, and they had all become specialists in magic, thanks to a long time of research.

They all knew the small details well, even too well. And yet they all had dark expression. When this was supposed to be the moment that they would finally, finally defeat the curse like they had always hoped...

“Everyone, you will also know that we cannot defeat the curse completely. My strength alone is not enough. I will offer my own life. But even with that, it will only last for around three hundred years. My descendants must continue this magic three hundred years later. It pains me to pass on such a burden to my descendants, but there is no other way. In three hundred years the curse will return. However, a male child with the same type of magic as I will surely be

born among my descendants at the same time. Then, this cursed whirl will be reversed. The life of my descendant will also be lost, but the curse will also be broken for good when this happens.”

No one there had strong feelings towards this descendant of Helan that would be born three hundred years from now. They were all pained by the thought of losing Helan for three hundred years of peace. He, who stood before them, he had been their symbol of hope. But they all understood that they would not be able to win against the curse, not even for a moment, if Helan did not offer his own life. They understood, but they could not hold back their emotions. Helan was their hope, they had all come to this point because of him.

Even if they did return peace to this lands, without him, the world would be...

However, the decision had been made. Helan’s choice to sacrifice his life would surely bring happiness, and he had no intention of backing down now. There was no possibility of someone else taking his place. This could only be accomplished with the ultimate magic that was the fruit of his talent and efforts.

The day before it was to be done, Helan headed for the swamp alone in the early morning.

The plan was for him to do it the following day, as everyone looked on, yet the farewells would be too hard for him. He told no one as he walked towards the swamp, his brilliant red hair flowing behind him. He stared quietly at the swamp. Everyone had seen that red hair and followed him. They had always been encouraged when seeing that red hair. However, Helan’s life was lost on that day. As everyone slept in the early morning, he had used the ultimate magic.

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The whirl of the curse stopped, and Helan's magic reversed the direction of the curse. When it was finished, the dried land healed, flowers grew from the center of the swamp. Rain fell for over a month. Flowers, grass, and trees grew as rivers formed, and in little more than a month since Helan's death, the cursed land had become a blessed land.

The surviving companions named the land after Helan, and Helan's son became the second lord. The magic that Helan created was recorded in five magical tomes and the story was passed down through the generations in order for his descendant to defeat the curse when it returned three hundred years later.

"In three hundred years, one who carries the blood of Helan will completely erase the cursed whirl. He will have the magical properties of the whirl, and he will have an uncommon gift for the use of magic. Someone much like the red-headed and fearless Helan."



"That is all. The last part is especially important, my grandmother repeated it to me many times."

Moran had been listening so intently, that he was at a loss for words.

He was amazed that he was ignorant of such a history. It was hard to believe and quite shocking to him.

“Why would you two...keep such a story to yourselves? If it is so important, you should let it be known more widely, have everyone help you.”

Moran’s opinion was logical.

“It is because we cannot, that I and Petel are working hard like this together. By reading through these old books.”

“Hmm? Why can’t you? If anything, this is something that everyone in the Helan territory should know.”

Moran said this as someone who did not know the hardships the two of them had faced, but his words were very annoying for them regardless.

After this, it took a week for Moran to be able to hear a more detailed explanation.

“A lot has happened in the Helan territories in the past few hundred years, the old historic texts were lost, the legends began to fade. To be honest, there are not many who take this problem seriously. When my grandmother repeated this story on her deathbed, everyone just brushed it off as the ravings of an old woman. My parents, my brothers...everyone. And so, it’s up to me and Petel to do something about it.”

“Why is Petel helping you?”

“It is because I have an interest in it nari! Also, I have fun when I am with Harp

nari!”

It was because of these interactions between Harp and Petel that Moran would become incredibly jealous and say things he would later regret.

“Hmph. I think the whole thing is a lie. Clearly, it’s a made up story to try and make these boring borderlands look interesting...”

“You go too far nari...”

“...”

It took a full month for Harp to forgive Moran for that one.

But Moran was very fond of Harp, and once he saw her resolve on the matter, he too began to do some serious research in order to help her. The days the three of them spent together were fun, and fruitful as well.

“This is the fourth magical tome... But we still can’t find the most important fifth one.”

“Yes. The first four were for the purpose of laying down the foundation, but it is the fifth book that the ultimate magic was recorded in. Ahhh, why can’t we find it?”

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“There is no need to panic nari. We will surely find it eventually nari. The important fifth must have been kept safe somewhere nari. It’s just that it’s been forgotten and we can’t find it yet nari!”

“That’s pretty sad in itself. We only have one year left as students. We need to accomplish what we can.”

At around this time, Harp was starting to be drawn to the kindness deep within Moran, and his serious attitude. Petel had noticed their feelings on the matter, and he gently watched them.

“In any case, I do wonder if it was fate that Harp has the same hair color as the first lord of Helan. Harp has the same beautiful red hair. Maybe Harp is the descendant in that prophecy?”

“It’s not me. It won’t be for another sixty years, and I don’t have the magical abilities of the first Helan. If there is any meaning to my having red hair... it is that I am supposed to continue passing this fading legend on to future generations.”

“You also have to find the magical tomes.”

“Yes!”



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And so the three of them spent their youth in service to the future of Helan. But even so, the three of them enjoyed being together, they were happy.

The disaster occurred during their last year as students.

Moran had always been gifted, and now that he had read through many books on magic and Helan, his knowledge grew and grew. And it was soon decided that he would go to work at the Royal Castle after he graduated. And it

was no ordinary post. This was an advancement that would offer him so many opportunities, even the possibility of becoming a future prime minister.

Harp was determined to return to the lands of Helan once she graduated. Petel decided to go with her. Moran had decided to go with them...had decided, but the alternate path had a strong allure to him as well. His heart wavered with the choice, and eventually, he chose the path that he would come to regret.

Moran chose to advance to the Royal Castle. In this country, he could attain a position second only to the king. He was young, and he obsessed over this possibility. His talents, the competitive spirit that was in his very blood waved aside any objections.

It wasn't easy, but his life went on smoothly after that. And one day he received a letter from an old friend.

It was from Petel.

It was now several years since he had fallen in love with Harp. The feelings had weakened now, but they still remained. And so, he had decided that he would go for her once he had become prime minister. He also felt nostalgic about Petel. Because of this, he was genuinely happy when he received the letter.

The contents of the letter were mostly things that made Moran miss his old friend, and reading it filled him with joy. But there was one thing that bothered him. It was that Harp was not in good health. The letter included a request for Moran to come to Helan, for Harp would surely feel better when she saw his face.

Moran wanted to fly there as soon as possible.

But, he could not go. He was nearing a promotion examination. He could not neglect this exam if he wanted to become prime minister. Ultimately, Moran chose to take the examination instead of going to Helan.

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Of course, he achieved the highest score for the exam, and he was at the forefront on this course for social advancement. Day after day, he participated in parties held by those in power. Wanting to maintain his connections, he appeared at every event even if it meant sacrificing sleep.

Moran's life was going very well. No one doubted then, that he would become the youngest prime minister there ever was.

...and while this was happening, he received another letter from Petel.

Harp was in a bad state. It asked him to come quickly. The sentences begged him to come.

The exams were finished, he could go if he wanted.

However, he had been invited to a birthday party that a distinguished nobleman was holding for his daughter. If he attended, he would be guaranteed a formidable backer. He would be able to become prime minister. He had come that close.

...Once again, Moran chose to ignore the Helan territories, and attend the birthday party of some girl he had never seen before.

Indeed, Moran felt that he had made the right decision, and he had felt good about it. After all, he was treated as special no matter where he went. He could go to the Helan territories any time he wanted. Any time...

Half a month later, another letter from Petel arrived. Moran felt a tinge of irritation as he opened the letter. He had guessed that it would be another entreaty for him to visit the Helan territories.

But the letter contained something far exceeding his imagination.

It said that Harp had left this world. It said that she had been calling Moran's name until her last moments. But her prayers were not answered, hopeless, her soul had been returned to heaven.

He could feel Harp's regret, Petel's anger and sadness through the letter. Moran could no longer stand on his legs. His knees buckled, his spine gave in.

His mind had stopped functioning. Not just his mind, his whole body had halted. It was only for a moment, but Moran was attacked by a sudden feeling that he was dead. Petel had written a farewell at the end of the letter.

With just one letter, Moran had lost two lifelong friends.

It was then that he finally understood his own foolishness.

That the road he had chosen had no worth to him. No, it was not that it was worthless. But that it was too small compared to the what he has lost. It was

close to nothing.

Had he gone to the Helan territories, he would have been able to see Harp one last time. He might have seen that brilliant smile one last time. She might have been miraculously saved. But he had closed this door by his own free will.

Moran lost everything that day.

He no longer cared about advancement, becoming prime minister, station and wealth.

He abandoned everything and left the royal castle. His heart was empty, and he traveled on without a destination. A journey he would take completely alone.

He did not know how many months and days had passed since he left the royal capital. One day, he saw a single flower blooming. He did not know why, but this flower looked especially beautiful to him. He had been so long in a darkness, feeling nothing... Moran was surprised that his heart had been moved. After gazing at the flower for a while, he noticed other flowers nearby. He continued to walk on, looking at the flowers.

...before him was something shocking. A beautiful field of flowers stretched out before him, with colors so vibrant that they seemed to paint over Moran's long colorless heart. There was a whole hill covered with flowers. Flowers that grew in nature. Red, blue, green and yellow. They grew in so many places that they gave an illusion of growing into infinity.

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Before Moran knew it, he had fallen in love with this land. Perhaps this could



be the end to his journey... He had become tired of this long road.

A peddler just happened to be walking by, and Moran asked him the name of this land.

“Here? This is Helan territory...”

So this was Helan territory... Moran’s eyes suddenly filled with tears. It was a strange coincidence. He regretted immensely that he had not come to such a beautiful land sooner. And he recalled his old friends. He recalled the one he had loved.

He recalled what she had been worried about. Her resolve to protect this beautiful Helan territory.

On this day, Moran decided to live a second life.

He decided that he would protect the peace of this land. For her, for the wish of she who he had loved. For she who was no longer here. It was much too late to be granted forgiveness. But he had finally found a way to live that he felt was right in his heart.

After that, Moran used his talents to gain the occupation of librarian at the Helan mansion.

And for decades since, he dedicated himself to researching a way to defeat the curse that would likely come, no, that would surely come.

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没落予定なので、  
**鍛冶職人を目指す**

著 **CK** ◆かわく



Every person has their own past. Those were the words that came to my mind.

I always thought that Old Moran was a great person, but I had no idea that he was someone that had been so close to the seat of prime minister. There was no way to know that.

The story was full of important details. Who knew that there were so many people who thought about the Helan territories. However, there was something that I wanted to ask first.

“Old Moran, do you still care deeply for Harp?”

“...Yes, of course, I do.”

“I see...”

That was good.

There were many things inside of me that I was able to put into order after hearing his story. What Old Moran had meant when he said that we might be able to save this land.

“So, Old Moran. In other words, you think that I can take on the job that was entrusted to the descendant from the legend. The one that was supposed to arrive three hundred years later?”

“That’s very perceptive of you. The child from the prophecy that my old friends, Petel and Harp had talked about, is none other than you. Really, I can’t believe it took this situation, and after I’ve grown so old, to finally realize that. Sometimes, being so close to something can blind you, contrary to expectation.”

“So, it wasn’t too late then... I learned a lot from listening to your story. I have something that I want you to see. Wait here a moment.”

Somehow, I felt reinvigorated. My spirits rose like an overflowing spring. I looked for the thing that I needed to show Old Moran.

The letter that arrived the other day, and the thing that would become the key.

“Look at this.”

I returned to the library and handed Old Moran the letter.

What was written within was something that I had discarded the other day as some kind of joke.

“The Helan territories are in a pinch nari. We must act at once. A terrible drought will come in one month’s time nari! I’ve thought of solutions myself, but I have yet to make a breakthrough nari. My Lord, you must prepare to have your people flee nari! Make haste nari! The Helan territories are about to lose to the curse nari!”

“This, I think that it’s a letter from the man named Petel that you talked

about. This person must have remained somewhere in Helan, and continued the fight.”

Old Moran accepted the letter and read through the contents several times.

It wasn't particularly long, but he read through it carefully as if it were something precious.

Before I knew it, Old Moran's eyes which had looked dried up were suddenly full of tears.

“Once again, very perceptive of you. Aye, there is no mistaking it, these are the words of Petel, who was once my friend. Ahh, hmm, so he stayed and fought on...”

The tears he had been fighting began to flow from his eyes. Somehow I knew that they were tears of nostalgia, joy and other mixed emotions.

For a while, he basked in that wistfulness, before once again turning to me.

“You have something else do you not? I sensed a brimming energy from you as you left a moment ago.”

“I do have something! Here.”

After the letter, I handed over a single book to Old Moran.

‘Magical Tome Vol. 5.’

“I see. It was already in your hands then. I had searched for this book for many long years, but it turned out to have been in its rightful place.”

The book was something that I had just happened to find several years ago,

when bandits had invaded the mansion. I had no idea that it would become such an important book for me in the future.

“Thanks to you, I have the contents of the first four volumes memorized. If I’m able to master the fifth one now, we will be able to beat the curse, right?”

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“According to the legend... No, according to Harp’s story, you will. I don’t think that she was wrong.”

“So, so that means! We can still save the lands of Helan!”

“However, there is a price. Your own life. Just like it was three hundred years ago when Helan offered his life.”

“If that is my role, I will accept it with resignation.”

I looked at Old Moran with determination. There was no longer any room for debate. And he was able to see what my will was. Now, the only thing left was to act.

“You shouldn’t have to worry about the people. The great matches that you made should protect the men and women. From now on, you should focus everything on acquiring this final ultimate magic.”

“That being said...”

I looked outside the mansion. There was nothing but the color of sand, the dry air was spreading everywhere. Just standing out there would rob you of moisture. There was no food. There was a possibility that they would not survive for even a week.

“Perhaps we should seek the help of my old friend, Petel.”

I was surprised by Old Moran’s suggestion. For some reason, he had said it out of the blue as if just coming to a realization.



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The way he said it made it seem like he knew what Petel was doing now, knew everything.

“Petel is still fighting the curse within these lands. Well then, that must mean that he has made various preparations, he must be at that place.”

“That place? ...You don’t mean...”

“Aye, the place where it all started, and where it will all end. ‘The Cursed Swamp.’ That is where he must be.”

He had the eyes of someone who trusted his friend. Old Moran looked young again.

It was true, what he said made sense. Also, according to the legend, that place was where the curse was the weakest. In that case, it would surely be the best place for him to be while he learned the contents of the fifth volume.

“Do you know where it is?”



“You have no idea how many years I’ve been thinking about this. I could find that place even if my eyes were closed.”

Our destination was decided.

I and Old Moran packed the minimum amount of things that we needed and set off on our journey.

The dried lands were punishing. But I thought about the hardships that the first Helan had faced, and I started to feel that what we endured was not all that bad.

‘The Cursed Swamp.’

It was located in the farthest regions towards the south of the Helan territories.

Compared to the beautiful northern parts of the Helan territories, the lands here had not been cultivated. It was far from any trading route, and as we got closer, we saw fewer and fewer houses.

“It is over there.”

Our destination came into view. Just as the legend said, there was still green plants growing here. It looked like an oasis in the middle of the desert. There was likely to be water as well. I wanted to have something in my mouth as soon as possible.

Ultimately, it did not seem like a place deserving of such a frightening name as the ‘Cursed Swamp.’ As we got closer, we could tell that this place alone was protected from the strong, dry winds.

It was clearly not a natural phenomenon. It was unmistakably some sort of manipulation. The curse, the magic that continued on from its powerful and

ancient beginning was still present here.

“Old Moran, I’m going to go get some water. You should rest under a tree somewhere.”

“I’m sorry. This journey was quite a lot for these old bones of mine. I think I’ll quietly rest here for a while.”

I left our belongings with Old Moran and collected our water bottles and went off to search for some water.

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This cursed land seemed a little like a forest.

It was covered with trees, almost like it was isolating itself from the outside world. The temperature and humidity were different from the drylands outside. When the differences were so noticeable, you would almost start to suspect that you’ve entered another world.

I didn’t need to wander for very long. My instincts kicked in, and I quickly discovered some water. There was a large spring. The water was clear and beautiful.

I scooped some up in my hands and drank it.

Mmm, it was good. Drinkable water. After that, I dunked my whole dirty face inside of the water and drank to my heart’s content. My stomach was full.

I opened the water bottles and filled both to the brim. I wanted to take them back to Old Moran as soon as possible. He must be eagerly waiting for me.

As I carried the water bottles and started to run back, I felt like I heard a voice nearby. Maybe it was just a sound. But, something was echoing. I heard the

strange echoing and turned to look behind me.

“...Kururi?”

The source of the ringing echo... A lone woman was standing there. Furthermore, the woman was someone that I had long, long been worried about. Someone I had searched and searched for. Why was she here? Why was Eliza in a place like this...

“Eliza...Eliza, is that really you?”



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“I could say the same to you, are you really Kururi?”

Before we knew it, both of us had walked towards each other. In front of the stream where we could unmistakably see the other’s face. I needed to be sure.

Yes, it was without a doubt, Eliza.

She wasn’t wearing one of her usual pretty dresses. She was dressed a little like Iris now, yet her splendor had not been blemished at all. Even standing in a place like this, she still had a sense of dignity.

Eliza’s hand stretched out and touched my cheek.

And with her thumb and index finger, she pinched me.

“Ouch...”

“So this isn’t a dream then. “

Huh!? Aren’t you supposed to pinch your own cheek for that kind of thing? Why would you pinch someone else’s cheek?

“The fact that you are here now, it must mean that the descendant from the prophecy is you.”

“How did you hear about that?”

“I heard it from Petel. I’ve been indebted to him for a while now. Besides, I too have a strong connection to these lands. And so I have been helping him.”

“So, does that mean the mysterious couple I’ve been hearing about was you and Petel!?”

“Yes, it is quite embarrassing...”

So that’s what had happened. But even so, why had Eliza stayed here, even becoming an assistant for Petel... I had no idea she felt so strongly about this place.

On top of it all, she disappeared from the royal capital and came all the way here alone. I’ve said it before, but she was one tough girl. Perhaps she could become a farmers daughter.

“Eliza. There I things I want to tell you, things I need to tell you. There is so much. But, let me go and deliver this water to Old Moran first. He might wither away if I don’t.”

“Of course. I too, have much to tell you. We should go meet Petel when you

are finished. Our purposes are the same, right?”

“Yes.”

I delivered the water to Old Moran, and then with Eliza as a guide, we paid a visit to Petel’s abode. There was a wooden house that had been constructed very close by inside of the swamp. According to the legend three hundred years ago, Helan and his company had also built a house here and conducted their research.

Eliza called out, and then Petel’s distinctive way of ending his sentences: Nari! Nari! were heard as he opened the door to the house.

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“Lady Eliza, you’ve returned nari?”

He had opened the door in consideration of Eliza who gone to get water. But what he was now greeted by was not just Eliza, but I and Old Moran as well.

He looked at Eliza, then me, and then he looked at Old Moran. Petel took in a deep breath and slowly exhaled.

“The best rising dragon in all of Kudan. How many years have passed since you left the royal capital, eh? I had heard long ago that a certain outstanding librarian had entered the services of the Helan mansion nari. Harp’s death was even longer ago nari. I’ve waited alone for so long nari. You’re a little late, Moran.”

Petel’s voice quivered but he managed to complete the last words.

“Forgive me. I kept you waiting so long that we’re now old men.”



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Old Moran’s voice was also shaking.

“It is bad manners to keep your friends waiting nari... Harp’s grave is close by nari. Will you come with me nari?”

“Aye, will you show me? Petel.”

“Follow me nari.”

The two left the house together. They were going to pay Harp’s grave a visit. How many decades had passed? But the two had flown across that decades-long gulf, and been reunited here once again.

I and Eliza were left behind.

We should have been able to enter the house and talk about whatever we wanted. But somehow, we would always find it difficult to say something in these situations. And I had so much that I wanted to say.

“I’m glad that I ran away from home. That I arrived here, that I was able to meet you again.”

“You had us very worried.”

“I’m sorry. But, it was such an exciting and thrilling journey.”

She had such a cheerful expression as she said this, that I could not help but laugh. As the first journey of such a sheltered girl, she must have experienced a lot.

“Will you tell me about it? About this exciting and thrilling, grand adventure of yours.”

“Well, I suppose I may deign to do so.”

In the quiet room, I perked up my ears to listen to Eliza’s beautiful voice. There I was, listening to another story. The story of her grand adventure.

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pages**



没落予定なので、  
**鍛冶職人を目指す**

著 **CK** ◆かわく



Several months had passed since I had evaded my mother's watchful eye and fled from the royal capital. I did not have any particular destination. It was just that I felt it would be wrong to continue on to my mother's home country, and so I left as a form of retaliation.

I was immediately attacked by an anxiety. The state of my family was currently quite bad. And things would likely become much worse now. However, as I was packing my things, a certain destination came to me.

The beautiful scenery of the Helan territories that I had seen a long time ago, appeared in my mind. *Why now?* I'd wonder, but still, my thoughts would wander back to it. Furthermore, that place... Kururi was there. He would surely help me if I needed someone to depend on. But, that also felt like cheating. I had always been blessed with everything since I was young. It was not right for me to depend on someone for everything just because I was in trouble.

I had other reasons for feeling uneasy as well.

This could be the crossroad of my life. I had to be strong.

Ultimately, I decided to travel to the east alone. If I traveled to the far reaches of the east, I would eventually reach the Helan territories. There, the first step of my journey would be complete. After that... I would think about it when I got there.

In truth, I had always had a longing to go on a journey by myself. In the past, I had heard stories from Iris -who I considered to be my rival-about her travels. She had planned to walk the long path from her house all the way to the Academy alone. It was a road that few people traveled on, and there were areas where monsters would surely appear. But she had gone anyway, carrying a heavy load on her back. There were times when Iris appeared larger than life to me. I was sure that it wasn't just something that she was born with, but because she lived with a strong passion.

I can not allow myself to be beaten so easily.

I thought as I packed things that I likely didn't even need and set out on a long, long journey.

While on the road, I would often remember an old story that Iris would tell me. It was also about her travels.

It happened when she was tired and resting under the shadow of a tree. Just as her spirits were starting to fall, a carriage happened to pass by. This was her first meeting with Kururi.

What a stroke of luck! I am so jealous.

But, Kururi would have surely left me there, if it were I instead of Iris. Because I'm so spoiled. Even now, I may not have changed much. But I've thought about a lot of things since my meeting with Kururi.

Ever since I started to have feelings for him, I tried to change myself to be more like him. To be generous like him, to be cheerful and light-hearted. To be as sincere.

Have I been able to change? Iris once said that I've become easier to talk to... I think I've been able to change.

My journey seems to be going quite well.

The rain can be hard, but otherwise, I feel like I can manage.

I'm worried because my preserved food has run out. But even for this, Iris had given me some advice that will surely be useful.

As the fatigue of the day started to kick in, I deviate from the main road and enter the forest to look for food. By now, I had sold all of the jewelry that I had been carrying. I do not even have any money now. I can not stop in any towns and buy goods.

Splendid. Now I was under the same conditions that Iris had been in.

I enter the forest and look for plants and animals. I found a rabbit right away. The rabbit was covered in soft and fluffy fur. It was adorable, but I had to eat it.

After all...

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Iris' Ironclad Rules for Traveling: Item 1.

Kill rabbits, birds, and fish without fail!

This applied here. The first time I heard this, it went in one ear and came out of the other, but now I realized it was vital information that I should be thankful for. I was glad that I didn't care so much about appearances and talk about baking cakes.

I cast a spell of wind magic on the palm of my hand and breathed on it softly. With that signal, an invisible blade of wind rushed towards the rabbit. It's

adorable body and head were cleanly severed into two.

...Th-, thanks for the food.

Iris' Ironclad Rules for Traveling: Item 2.

You will lose if you hesitate because it's cute!

Any hesitation would have been breaking that rule.

I would never have thought the day would come when I, a young lady, would find myself butchering a rabbit. Even so, once I started a fire and began to roast it, it gave off an irresistible and savory smell. Perhaps this wasn't so bad.

My travels went on like this, with small hitches along the way, but somehow still moving forward.



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After that, I was saved many times by Iris' Ironclad Rules for Traveling. But there was this one time when I had been especially tired.

The biggest fault was my inability to make the right decision.

Indeed, I had gained a lot of confidence due to the journey going so well up until then. And I was hungry from not having a meal for quite a while.

And so I went against Iris' Ironclad Rules for Traveling: Item 16.

Stay away from mushrooms!

I gathered some mushrooms that looked pretty. I was quite used to making fires now, and I had made a nice big fire that day. So I started to roast the mushrooms. They smelled so good. I couldn't stop myself, I disobeyed Item 16.

For a while after that, my hunger was satiated and I felt great.

However, shortly after, when I was looking at a beautiful flower, my vision suddenly went blurry and just like that I lost all consciousness...

I had the feeling that I saw a small fairy of the forest next to the pretty flower. It must have been a hallucination from the mushroom. Ahh, they are outstanding. Iris' Ironclad Rules for Traveling...

I don't know how long I was asleep.

When I finally woke up, I seemed to be in a house. Not just a house, but in a very fluffy bed.

The ceiling and furniture were unfamiliar. Everything was made of wood and probably homemade. I could see that they had been used in this house for many years. There was fresh water and fruits set close to my pillow.

I was just as hungry as I was before I fainted, and so I was stuffing the water and fruits into my mouth before I knew it. I would definitely have not acted like this when I was a proper lady. But now, I felt like I had to be tough in order to live.

"You woke up then? Ah, I'm glad that you seem quite well nari."

The door to the room had suddenly opened and the forest fairy that I had seen before I fainted was standing there. He was short, with drooping eyes, a large nose, and white hair. He was an old fairy.

"Um, I... I'm sorry. I ate your fruits and drank your water without asking. But, I will work for you in return, please allow me to repay you."

"Huh? I don't mind nari? I can get a lot of fruits from here anyway."

"Is that so. But if there is anything that you cannot do as a fairy, I will be glad

to help!”

“A fairy?”

After that, I realized that this man was not a fairy. He was just a funny looking old man. Quite misleading, don't you think? I think I got confused because he appeared at the same time as the pretty flowers.

Petel allowed me to stay here, saying that I had not fully recovered yet. He said that I should at least wait until my scrawny body returned back to normal.

It was true, it had been a pretty taxing journey. Even I didn't think that I would make it so far.

Huh? By the way, where are we right now? I thought.

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“Mr. Petel. What part of the Kudan kingdom are we in right now?”

“Here nari? This is the Helan territory nari. You came here not knowing this nari?”

“Uhh, well...”

I felt a sense of joy rising within me when I heard this. I had arrived. On my own, I was able to come all the way here. I had always been patronized until now, but for the first time, I was able to accomplish something on my own.

If this was the Helan territories, then my journey was over.

What should I do now? I had decided that I would think about it when I arrived... But I still did not know, now that I had.

That's it.

“Mr. Petel. What are you doing here?”

“I am researching this land nari. Research on a curse related to the Helan territories nari.”

A curse? In this beautiful Helan Territory?

“Really, why are you doing such a thing all alone and so seriously in a time like this? Yesterday and the day before that, you only read books and inspected the soil, the air, the water, the wind... Are you saying that all that serious moving around you’ve been doing was to research a curse?”

“That is right nari. It is not a joke or a false story nari. It is a most important truth left by a dear friend nari.”

He said those words with a calm voice, but I sensed a vast unknown world and a strong purpose behind it. I felt as if they contained the pure hopes of someone who had continued to fight for many years for someone.

...Well, then. My road had been decided.

“Mr. Petel, I’m sorry for doubting you. But your words just now have convinced me to believe in you. Please let me stay here. I will do everything that I can to help you in your researching of the curse. I promise to be of use to you.”

“...This has nothing to do with you nari. You should hurry and return to the place where you belong nari.”

“I will decide for myself where I belong. Please, let me help you.”

Petel thought silently for a moment. He looked at Eliza carefully, as if testing her resolve.

“Why nari? Why will you join this fight nari? It is not an easy road nari.”



Of course, it is not easy. But this land is important to me. I've gained much from it. And so, I want to give back in return.

"This place, the Helan territory, it is an important land to someone who is very important to me. I want to stay and fight here if it will help him."

Petel looked at me in surprise. It seemed that my sincerity had made a big impression on him.

"Then you are just like me nari. I too am fighting to protect this land which was important to someone who was important to me nari. You are the same nari. I would be glad to receive your help nari."

And like that, I had a new role and a place to be. I would work with Petel at this base in the Cursed Swamp.

And like Petel had said, the curse later ravaged this land.

Petel was supposed to have had ways of dealing with it, but none of them worked. Everything that he had built, it was all destroyed by the curse which was too strong.

Petel had said that there was still one last hope, but he did not say anything specific. When I think of the disappointments he's faced, my heart aches.

And within that time of hopelessness, one day, suddenly, in an unexpected encounter at the lake, I was reunited with Kururi.

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**鍛冶職人を目指す**

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Eliza, Old Moran, Petel and I all sat around a table and sipped at the tea that Petel had poured for us.

We were sharing any information we had: past incidents, the current situation, what we must do going forward. We made all of this clear.

“Well, in other words, it means that everything is on the shoulders of young Kururi here.”

“I think that it’s our only choice now. According to the story that Harp told, only someone who carries the blood of Helan can accomplish it nari.”

“Oh, so it is Kururi after all. I, I’m deeply impressed.”

I kind of thought... It would be more like, let’s all work together! But it seems like the burden is all on me? I feel a little lonely over here!

“Well, I guess that’s it for us. Petel and Lady Eliza, why don’t we play a board game?”

“That is good nari! I shall not lose nari!”

“I suppose I have no choice then. I will show you the true powers of a young lady.”

...so, the burden is really all on me!?



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“Now, leaving that joke aside. About your training, Kururi. I think it should take about one month at the earliest with my support.”

“I will also cooperate nari! I will not have you underestimate my many years of research nari! We will finish the training in three weeks nari!”

“Fufufu, are you not forgetting about me? Here and now, I will teach the secret of just how my family has produced so many examples of excellence for generations. Let me see, two weeks. I will help Kururi complete his training in two weeks.”

....Ev-, everyone!!

“Two weeks!? Oh, that is most wonderful. If it is two weeks, then we will still have time until this land dies completely... In that case, maybe we should just play a board game in the meantime.”

“I definitely, definitely will not lose nari!”

“I suppose I will have to prove to you that I am on a different level.”

...Nevermind then, I'll go and train on my own.

‘Magical Tome – Volume 5’

I left the room and sat in the shade of a tree, so that I could take a look at the book once again. It had a much stronger sense of weight to it now that I knew what history it was full of. Not just a physical weight, but there was the weight of so many emotions from so many people within it.

I had already read the introduction.

It made it quite obvious why this 5th volume alone had been strictly protected all this time.

As was the original intent, the 1st volume all the way up to the 4th was about the process of developing the ability of the magician who carried the same qualities as the whirlpool. However, this process that Helan had created didn't

just stop there, it was also full of magic with more universal uses.

That would explain why the books had been read for so many years, even by those who did not share the properties of the whirlpool. And so these four books had circulated throughout the lands, making them quite easy to find when Old Moran and the others were younger.

The problem was the fifth book. What it contained was something only needed by someone who fit the requirement of having completed the process and who had the qualities of the whirlpool. And all of this was done in order to beat the curse.

History was long, and only a limited few would ever have any need of this book. And when the memories of the curse began to fade, the books very existence was left behind in the shadows of history.

If it were not for people like Harp, Petel and Old Moran, it may never have seen the light of day ever again. But now, this book had such a strong presence emitting from its pages, as if fate had guided it all along.

O person who has completed the fourth volume, surely the whirlpool must already have become active again.

Such a sentence appeared as I was reading. Recently, this was something that I had experienced many, many times. The eating away of magic stones filled with abundant magic, even absorbing the magic of others. And then, the awakening. It seemed that all of this had actually started a long time.

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And so I continued to read through the book.

Partway into it, my concentration was suddenly interrupted. I had realized that my surroundings had become unusually quiet. I could not hear a single

sound from Petel's house.

...Perhaps, they were just allowing me some time, so I could slowly read through this book in peace. They could have just been saying they would play a board game as an excuse, but were actually giving me some time...

Good, I have won after all nari!

...I couldn't hear anything. Surely, they wanted to give me some time alone... I wanted to believe.

Thanks to this free time, I was able to get a pretty good grasp of the book's contents.

There were a lot of small details, but largely, there were four steps to completing the magic.

1. As the whirlpool is open, it absorbs the magic of others.
2. It absorbs an immense and pure magical energy.
3. It spews all of it out.
4. It absorbs magical energy that has the properties of death.



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Well, that was about it.

With regards to item 1 and 2, I've already experienced them. The awakening

that happened later was also just as the book described. Wounds and diseases will heal and you will be able to use a massive amount of magic. That was exactly what I experienced.

The only thing left was 3 and 4.

Spew all of it out. Apparently, ever since I started to learn the contents of the magical tomes, the whirlpool has been gradually opening. The third step would be to spew out all the magic that had been accumulated up until that point. ...It sent shivers down my spine just thinking about it. Just how much magic had it stored up within that time? I felt that there was nothing more terrifying than this.

Speaking of terror, the last item on the list fit under that description. The absorption of magic with the properties of death.

Did that mean you had to die? I had once learned during a lesson at school, that there were people inside of criminal syndicates who could use magic with the properties of death in order to ensnare others. However, there were very harsh laws that forbade this, and there were no publically known magical spells that used this power. It would be quite the feat to find someone who could use it.

I had to stop the three board game players, as focused as they were, and explain to them what I had found. This included everything that happened until now, and where I stood in the present.

I told them about how all the magic would spew out and about the absorption of magic with the qualities of death.

I was very grateful when Eliza showed concern over this.

“I cannot believe that I was seriously trying to play a board game...when you were researching something so important...”

You were playing seriously!?

“Instead of asking to be included with the game, you decided to use the time



to research about the curse. My, my, you've grown so much, young Kururi."

Of course, I have.

"Playing board games is very worthwhile nari, but this boy who looks like Harp has also spent his time on something worthwhile nari."

Are they the same? We are really going to treat them as the same thing!?

"However, it is a very interesting thing."

"That it is nari. Really, it is not so bad to live so long nari. I would never have thought my long years of research would one day become useful in such a way nari."

The two old men were oddly enjoying themselves and full of confidence.

While I had not been able to understand how to take the first steps for items 3 and 4, it seemed that these two already knew how to leap.

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“Ho ho ho, please eat some more.”

I had just finished eating my breakfast when Old Moran approached me with a huge smile and a tray full of food. Today he was to teach me the third level of the process to complete the ultimate magic; that of expelling all of the magical energy.

And yet, even Petel would come over to me with his bright smile and a huge bowl of soup. There was no way I could drink that after having eaten so much.

But Old Moran kept bringing more food, and Petel more drinks. ...I don't think they had gone senile just yet. There was clearly some plot here.

“Old Moran, isn't this quite valuable food, that Petel had to collect? Is it really alright for me to eat all of it at once?”

“Ho ho ho. It's quite alright. It's quite alright.”

What was with this limitless kindness. It was horrifying.

“It's fine nari. I've got plenty of food left nari.”

How kind! And how horrifying!

I hesitated, as I had no appetite, but then Eliza appeared from the kitchen wearing an apron.

Apparently, she made these incredibly large servings of food, and Old Moran was carrying them. Eliza's gaze turned towards me and she winked. She was patting her biceps and appealing to me that she still had plenty of dishes left in her. Or was she appealing her skills in cooking?

She clearly knew what was going on as well.

I know they were doing something last night before I went to bed, and now it seemed that they had been sharing some sort of information. It was unsettling. Why wouldn't they tell me...

“Is there perhaps some sort of relation with eating and training?”



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Well, that was the only explanation I could think of. Otherwise, surely they wouldn't be wasting their time cooking so leisurely while we raced against the clock. The food stock was also limited.

“Ho ho ho! Now, eat, eat.”

The horror!

I won't ask anymore. I'm sure the truth will be revealed later. In that case, I should just keep quiet and eat obediently.

As I had only just finished breakfast, my pace would not be too fast, but it'll go down if I push it. But more than anything, Eliza's food was delicious. I was quite surprised that she was this good at cooking. Well, I couldn't let it go to waste then.

Umph, I'm so stuffed.

But Old Moran kept bringing in more food at the same pace. And Petel too, continued to bring more and more drinks... I'm sure Eliza was in the back, excitedly making more food. Oh well, I better push on.

Crap, I've eaten so much that I'm about ready to vomit.

...Wait, what if this is what it means to expel all of the magical energy?

Huh? Am I supposed to vomit out all this food? That's stupid. That's what it takes to complete the third step? Could things really work so simply in this world?

"Old Moran, I'm done. I think I'm about to throw up."

Surely, they have some scheme prepared after this. I reported the situation just in case.

"Ah, you must not throw up. Hmm. I think we still need a little more. What about sweets? Are the sweets ready yet?"

"Yeess, coming right uuu-up!"

Eliza's cheery voice echoed from the kitchen. Sweets...I might be able to handle that. But in any case, I was not allowed to throw up. The mystery was only deepening.

"Have an after meal dessert, baked potatoes."

Blech....

Potatoes as a dessert!? Nononono. Surely there were other options for an after meal dessert! Why would it be potatoes!? I can't eat that.

"Kururi. I have decided to stop hiding behind lies. The truth is, I love potatoes more than any other food in this world!"

"...Right."

I already knew that. I've known it for quite some time now.

"So today, I have put all my heart and soul into baking these. But this is also a new step for me. Please, enjoy it."

Uhh, now there was no way I could do anything but force myself to stuff it in.

There was now zero space left in my stomach, and now I had to stuff potatoes

in it!? And these were extra large. Where did she even dig these from?

...Blarghh.

I will start by saying the results. I beat the potatoes. However, an unbelievable amount of water ran from my eyes and nose. And what was this stuff that dripped from my ears... Sweat? Please tell me that it was sweat.

“Preparations are complete. Well, then, why don’t we go on a little walk.”

I was being nursed by two old men as the four of us went inside and into the forest.

Now, was I supposed to vomit all this out now that I was so full? If so, I wanted it to be quick. I wanted to release it as soon as possible.

We made our way through the forest for quite some time before reaching an area that had been flattened by cutting down all the trees. There was no grass or plants here and the dirt was exposed. It seemed to have been done by the hands of humans.

I looked at Old Moran and Petel’s faces. Clearly, they were the ones that had prepared this place.

As we got closer, I could also see what else was there.

There was a huge magic circle like I had never seen before carved into the dirt.

It had a kind atmosphere that suggested one might summon a giant monster. I wasn’t particularly knowledgeable about magic circles, but I did know that once they are activated, they would continue to automatically use magic. Clearly, I was going to be taking the third step, the expelling of magical energy.

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I fought against the sensation of being sucked into a dark hole and used everything within me in order to move. But it might have been more accurate to say that I had only felt like I had moved.

When a part of my body finally moved for real, my consciousness was awakened.

My eyes opened, the leaves of the trees over my head floated into vision. I knew that I was in a rich forest surrounded by trees and nature. Ah, that's right. After I had stocked up on food, they put me in the magic circle, didn't they? It was part of the step for the expelling of magical energy. In a way, I had been tricked by those old men.

My body felt an intense fatigue. I had no strength.

Now that I thought of it, I was quite hungry now. Right, so this tiredness was coming from my empty stomach. I wanted to eat something.

As I lay there on the ground, I could hear something rustling nearby. Apparently, my sense of hearing was just fine. It was too difficult for me to stand up, so I just turned my head in the direction of the sounds.

...Eliza was sitting next to me, for some reason there was a sandwich in her hands. It seemed that she just noticed I had awoken, and her eyes widened a little. But, she continued to eat the sandwich.

“Eliza... Did you stay by my side all of this time?”

“No. You were sleeping the whole time, so I was playing a board game. Old Moran said you should be waking up soon, and he asked me to bring you some food. That is why I am here.”

Ahh..., I see. She was playing a board game, huh. Oh, well.

I had a feeling as if I had been sleeping for a very long time. Indeed, it would be way too big a luxury for her to have watched over me the entire time.

“So you brought me some food, then. Thank you. I can’t believe how hungry I am right now.”

“Yes..., but I am very sorry Kururi. I’m afraid I’ve eaten your sandwich.”

Why!?

“I was waiting here for quite some time and had this impulse... I am so sorry. It was so delicious that I just couldn’t stop. I was really not in a state to be able to stop myself...”

She looked at the ground with an expression of deep regret. I felt very bad for blaming her when she had gone out of her way to bring me food. I wasn’t even that mad.

“It’s fine, Eliza. I’ll just eat something when I get back to Petel’s house. I hate to ask you, but will you lend me a hand? I can barely stand, much less walk by myself right now.”

“Yes, of course. I will gladly help you once I have finished eating this sandwich

I'm holding."

Give it to me!!

...But, perhaps this was actually a pretty nice experience, being able to watch Eliza stuffing her face like this. She even looked to be crying a little when it got stuck in her throat.

"Heh."

"Wha-, what is it!?"

"It's just, you're so determined. It's amusing to watch, you know."

"Why! Am I really that amusing? ...Well, if it makes you laugh, I will allow it."

We laughed together as we made our way through the forest and towards Petel's house.

It was nice walking while being supported by her. And she smelled so nice. Apparently, a person like her could stay clean even in a barren place like this. It must be her genes. Her cells, at the gene level!!

I don't know why I was feeling proud about this, but that was how good she smelled.

"The truth is... I completely failed when making today's sandwich. I tried tasting it a little and, oh no! It tasted completely horrible... And I thought I couldn't possibly allow Kururi to eat something like this... And so I had to eat it myself."

"So you don't know about my ability to eat anything that you make and find it delicious?"

"Fu fu, I shall remember that next time."

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Once we reached Petel's house, I was able to eat Eliza's homemade stew,

which had been made to her satisfaction. Eating something piping hot after waking up really was the best. It really sits well in your stomach.

Old Moran and Petel talked about the results as I was eating.

It seemed that the third step had gone well. But I was also told a most shocking detail.

“What!? I was sleeping for a whole week!? Really!?”

“Oh, yes. In fact, it looked like you were dead.”

Hey, what’s with that ominous comparison! Well, at least I got up just fine.

“I too thought that you had really died part way through nari!”

Mister Petel, he was really not mincing his words.

“You really shouldn’t make us old men worry so much like that.”

They can say that, but it’s not as if I was even given much of an explanation here. Before I knew it, I had been stuffed with food and then made to sleep.

“We were so worried during the process. We wondered if Lady Eliza should kiss you even. But then we realized that it would have no purpose.”

That’s when you finally stop to think!!



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“Well, I am glad that it all worked out. All’s well that ends well with these

sorts of things.”

Woah. He just settled the matter. Just sloppily brought it to an end. In spite of saying something so monstrous.

“Yes, perhaps you are right. And since it went so well, we should go straight into the fourth step with our current momentum. Old Moran, are we prepared to do it?”

“Of course, I know what I am doing. However, I think we should allow you to recover a little bit more. The last part will be quite grueling after all.”

Quite grueling, eh... Was it the absorption of magical energy with the properties of death? I didn't know any of the details, but I knew it would be intense. ...Would I be given poison? I prepared myself for the fourth step with the mentality I imagined a laboratory guinea pig to have.

After that, neither Petel nor Old Moran said anything to me. Was there a reason that they wouldn't tell me anything specific?

Instead, I noticed the two of them would often be talking with Eliza in whispers. Perhaps they were telling her something very important. It could be about the magic used for the upcoming fourth step itself.

I understood that this was the case a few days later.

Eliza had told me, once they had confirmed that I had returned to my former health.

It had become her role to unleash the magic with the properties of death.

“This will be a most dangerous thing to do. I've learned all about the dangers while you were sleeping. At worst, it is not out of the realm of possibility to die during this step.”

It was something that I had a feeling about, but it was now confirmed. But my own mind had already been made up.

No matter what the danger was, I had decided that I would not refuse.

But...

“I, I can’t let you take on such a heavy burden like that...”

“No, that is wrong. Kururi, this could result in your own death. I can’t allow such a crucial thing to be in the hands of anyone other than me.”

Her unwavering gaze looked straight at me. As I stared back, her beauty was so great that I felt like I was being sucked in. But now, the strength of her resolve showed through even stronger than her beauty. ...I started to think that she was someone I could trust with this task. No, I actively wanted her to do it. I didn’t want anyone but Eliza.

“If you are to be killed, then I will kill you myself!”

...Yes, that is what it came down to. But, it’s a little horrifying when put into words like that. Let’s try to soften the blow a little.

“This is one thing that I will not be persuaded in. I’ll squeeze the last breath out of you with my own two hands, if I have to!”

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Hey, aren’t we going off course a little! Her resolution was completely in the direction of killing me. Isn’t that only a worst-case-scenario!?

Let’s not be making such tightly clenched fists in the air like that. Or else her resolve would harden in a completely misguided direction.

“You are quite passionate. Oh, there was a time when we too had such fiery

passions.”

There is no way that is true! You two have never heard a declaration of murderous intent from a girl you liked!

“It is almost blinding. It makes me reminisce about the past nari.”

Maybe I just didn’t know it, and these two had such dangerous love affairs when they were younger... No, they didn’t! That’s not normal!

“It is not all that hard to do magic that has the properties of death. I was able to learn it while you were asleep.”

“Is that so. I suppose I will leave it all to you then.”

“Yes. But, there is also something that you must do as well. Humans generally have a constantly activated power to resist magic. Especially for the resistance of magic with negative properties. So magic with the properties of death will usually have zero strength by the time it reaches the average person.”

“In other words, I need to get rid of that resistance. That’s what it is?”

“Yes. You must believe me and accept everything.”

I concentrated on the thin layer of magic that surrounded me and brought it in, deep inside my body. Even in places where I wasn’t usually conscious of, all of the magic was brought in and contained.

In this state, even a little magic with the properties of death unleashed by a malicious person would send me to the afterlife, or so I felt.

But the other person was Eliza.

I knew I could trust her.



...While it was a little late, I start to think, what if Eliza was the one person in the world whose magic with the properties of death, I could absorb without resistance?

If it was Old Moran, Petel, or even others that weren't here such as Iris and Rahsa, I would probably, even just for a moment, show signs of resisting when they unleashed the magic.

But, I would do no such thing with Eliza.

With her, I could surrender myself completely.

After all, I haven't told her clearly yet, but I liked her. I was in love with her and adored her essence, her true nature.

There was no way that I would resist to someone who I felt that way about. She had said that if someone had to kill me, she wanted it to be her. Likewise, if I had to die, I wanted it to be by her hand.

What if, what if it wasn't a coincidence that the two of us met here like this. We met because we were meant to. Everything had turned out just fine...

"Eliza, do it whenever you are ready. I am prepared."

"Yes...!"

Eliza begins to chant. The magic that starts to emerge is not very big.

But it had a dark quality to it like I had never seen before. So, this was magic with the properties of death...

The magic was complete now. A black sphere had appeared in front of where her arms extended. Was she going to launch that into me?

I relax the muscles in my body and waited for that moment.

At Eliza's command, the black sphere shot towards me at a great speed.

It hit me in the center of the chest as it entered my body, I could feel that it had been absorbed in an instant.

My body feels very cold. Hell, there is no sensation at the tip of my fingers. But I can at least stand.

It's not a complete coldness. Deep down, there is a faint warmth that emanates

There, I could feel all the emotion that Eliza had put into it.

Once I had got accustomed to this state, I was able to slowly take in what was happening around me. Eliza was looking at me with a worried expression. Old Moran and Petel were drenched in a cold sweat. It was quite frightening a reaction.

"E...liza. It's alright. I won't die by your magic. I promise. ...Also, I won't die yet. I cannot allow myself to die yet!"

After getting those words out, I lost all ability to control my body, as if the blood had all been drained from my head. It was only a second of dizziness, but it made me fall backward.

But there was no impact. Eliza had caught me right before I would hit the ground.

"I'm sorry. As a guy, I should be the one catching you."

"Today can be an exception."

Thank you...

The Ultimate Magic was complete.

I knew it now. That swirl that was bigger than ever had just awoken inside me. And with this, we had finally completed the preparations needed to begin the battle against the curse.

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# Chapter 101

It seems like it is better if I perform the ultimate magic faster. That's 'cause the damage to the land decreases the faster I do it. Now that the ultimate magic is completed, there is no need to hesitate.

I was ready all along but Old Moran and the others wanted to take more time. I also somewhat understand the reason behind doing so. Or rather, it can be only one thing.

It was decided that we'd execute the plan 1 week from now.

When I think about the people of Helan living a hard life after abandoning their own land, I feel the urge to execute the plan right away. I am also worried about my parents taking shelter at the capital.

Glad I sent Rahsa back to the capital. I wonder if prince Arch is bothering Iris... And if Rail is enjoying it, watching from afar...

And if Toto is doing well, growing his precious herbs at the school? Well, if it's him, he's probably making a bad face even if he's alright.

Vain, who had travelled to a far away country must have completed his mission by now. I can almost imagine him awkwardly protecting the people close to him. And also Crossy trying to build up the ruined country while being protected by him.

I am reminded of the friends I met at the academy. It was a short while but I had the pleasure of making some really good memories.

I don't think I will have the chance of going back there again. Not only did my land fall into ruin, I don't even have a fragment of the honor I had before. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that I am in situation worse than a ruined noble. There's no way someone with that social status can carelessly go about pursuing higher studies. First, I must do what I have to do.

I will rebuild this land. I want to make it even better than the Helan territory which prospered because of the hot springs. I wonder what kind of a land I should turn it into...

The Land of Occupations—doesn't sound too bad. I will spread my skills as a blacksmith. And not only that, I will train people of many different occupations here. I want to make this into a land which will be overflowing with the best workers in the country in the future.

What started as a light hearted plan for the future, made me think up of more and more ideas as I lied down pondering. I can still contribute more and more to the Helan territory... or that's how it's supposed to be.

But I am well aware that that is now a dream which can't be fulfilled. And I came to terms with it.

Just like the first generation Helan territory's landlord, Helan, stopped the curse by using the ultimate magic, I am probably supposed to do the same and follow him.



That's right, I will die.

The collateral damage would naturally be big as I am going to be overcoming such a big curse. No, it might actually be a small price to pay if the land can be revived by just one life. Yep, it's a small price. Too small.

That's right, my job is not rebuilding the Helan territory. It is to revive the dead Helan territory. It is my mission to revive the land to the state when beautiful flowers bloomed all around.

And beyond that would be... Someone else's job. It would be great if Lotson-san, who helped me the most, takes the initiative but... it is not good to expect too much either. That person is extremely talented. And so he doesn't have the need to go out of his way to rebuild Helan territory from such a state. That talent would surely be accepted widely in a blessed land.

If so, to whom shall I entrust the land? There's no doubt that it will be a tough job. There might be many obstacles and hindrances. Who would even do that willingly? It might not be something for me to worry about but if I am going away, I might as well make that part clear before I go.

While I was worrying, time went by real fast.

I was struck by the feeling that time went even faster as the fated day drew near.

After three more days, I was called by Old Moran and Petal-san.

They had a gloomy expression so I somewhat understood what they were going to say.

"Young master Kururi, I am sorry."

Such words came out from Old Moran.

"About what? I don't anything but gratitude towards you guys, Old Moran. There's not a single thing you need to apologize about."

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“No, this is very late but we have finally realized our foolishness.”

“Foolishness? I don’t know anyone as wise as you, Old Moran.”

Old Moran shook his head left and right while looking down.

“We are fools. We are big fools. Our dream, our dream of saving this land, at the end, we have left it to others. I shouldn’t have spoken about the ultimate magic to you.”

“Why? It’s something only I can do. Then it’s something I should be doing and I also want to do it.”

“Wrong! If we hadn’t taught you about the ultimate magic, it would have never come to light neither would you have completed it.”

“If you had done that, the ultimate magic would have been lost forever... The Helan territory would have been left cursed forever and the people who fought for this land before would never be rewarded.”

“Even then... even then. It would have been great if we could do it instead... However, we can’t do that. And so, we have no other choice but to have young master Kururi do it. That’s what I had thought. But now, I don’t know if that’s the right thing to do.”

..... Why say that at this point? Why did they now stop and rethink their decisions? I couldn’t see the reason behind it at all.



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“I, will die, right? But I don’t fear that. If we can overcome this curse, if this is something only I can do, I will gladly do it—I will gladly give up my life. There’s no

falsehood about these feelings.”

“I know that young master Kururi is very smart. That you had probably known about it long ago. That if only you resolve yourself to do it, we will also be strong and see it through...”

Old Moran and Petal-san exchanged glances, looking all disheartened.

“A girl’s tears are very painful, you see...”

Petal-san expressed.

A girl’s tears...

“Exactly. We thought that young master Kururi, you were the one at the toughest, most painful position. You are willing to become the sacrifice to protect everything. However, we can’t stop you once you have resolved yourself. We had decided to see it to the end silently.”

Old Moran let out a big sigh and continued.

“We hadn’t told Miss Eliza that young master Kururi will die. She is also smart, I thought she might have realized somehow but, I told her the truth yesterday night. About what will happen to the Helan territory, what will happen to you..... She... her tears didn’t stop.”

Old Moran lowered his head apologetically. So I made him tell her something I needed to inform her myself, huh?

“Miss Eliza loves you. I was happy that Harp’s tears were the last woman’s tear I had to see. It’s not something I would want to see multiple times..... That one trickle of tears, looked exactly like the one Harp shed at the end.”

Petal-san remembered the past and also of Eliza’s tears of last night and pushed his hand against his chest. The sadness they are bearing is considerably deep.

But...

“Even still, I will do it!”

“... If you don’t do it, Helan’s lands will remain cursed. The people of Helan

will be forced a hard life at other territories. They will probably be accused of responsibilities that don't even exist. But, even then, young master Kururi can keep on living. You can stay next to Miss Eliza. Besides, I also think that you're someone who is still needed by this world."

"I do not think so. To not do something I can do... that would be letting myself rot. If I run away here, I will probably lose status to an incompetent fool. I will surely die being talked about behind my back. I don't want any of that!"

"But what will you do about Miss Eliza? Are you going to leave her?"

... Leaving Eliza alone, huh? Her family condition is in a bad state right now. She has parted with both her mother and father and is now at a place like this. If even I were to disappear, who would protect her? I know that she's isn't someone who will always just be protected. But that doesn't mean I won't worry...

But, I believe in her. I believe that she will definitely recover and bloom into a wonderful lady.

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"I will talk to her. About my feelings, about the future, about her. And so, Old Moran and Petal-san, please don't make it public. You two have expended your lives for this. Not only you, Harp-san and even the first Helan—everyone of their feelings are packed here. I will not waste it. I will also not let anyone regret. The future is surely bright, dazzling. And to make that happen, I am here."

Eliza wasn't in the house.

I followed the path she would take to the forest and found her at the place with the springs. She was sitting there, gazing at the pretty water. She wasn't crying anymore.

She noticed I was here but didn't react much. I got close and sat beside her. The ground was a bit wet so I guess I messed up my sitting place.

“That part is a bit wet.”

“Looks like it. My pant’s bottom part got a bit wet.”

And we both couldn’t help burst out laughing. Even though my pants just got a bit wet, we laughed awfully lot. We laughed all we could. This might be the last time, right?

“We can’t have the hero who will be saving the Helan territory be clumsy like that, can we?”

“Yes, I am sorry.”

“Listen well, the person who is going to be the landlord must always be resolute. He must not let anyone notice it, even if his pants bottom part is wet. And even if they do notice, they must be bold, as if having that part wet is stylish!”

“Yessir, I understand.”

“Nice of you to do so. Kururi-sam is perfect being a bit more proud.”

A bit more proud, eh...? I will keep that in mind.

“Kururi-sama...”

“Hmm?”



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“Uptil now, I haven’t told you this but, I love you dearly. Did you know?”

“...Yes. Somewhat.”

“And what do you think of me, Kururi-sama?”

T-that is embarrassing. Being asked that so directly like that.

“I-I love you too. I think of you as a very precious being!”

“Very?”

“The most precious being!”

“That is better.”

I had my head patted. I felt a bit itchy. But, I am happy.

“Since when do you think I had you in my mind?”

..... I wonder when. Probably after the first incident at the academy.

“Th-that time when I gave you a flower as a present?”

“Mm, mmm. Nope. Even before.”

“Even before?”

When was it? ..... Mmmm, I don’t know. I had thought the time I gave her the flower had the most effect but...

“The answer is from the first time I saw you. Your glowing red hair, your friendly attitude unlike that of nobles, the kind atmosphere around you. You had stolen my heart since the first time I saw you.”

F-for real?!

Is such a thing even possible?!

“Me too! From the first time I saw you, I doubted my eyes—thinking that such a beautiful being couldn’t possibly exist. I remember it clearly. You were shining dazzlingly, and were strong... and a bit scary.”

“What did you say?”

“N-no, nothing at all, miss.”

After that, we talked about the former days.

Like the fact that she didn't really hate Iris. That she actually liked her.

That she knew about Crossy and Vain's combi and how she was also curious about Toto's weird herb cultivation. About how much she enjoyed the academy life—I got to know about it all. I just listened so I don't know of it all. I wanted to see her from the sides from now on as well.

“Eliza, can I have a minute?”

“What is it? I was just about to talk about the phantom potatoes cultivation method too.”

“It's important talk. I want you to listen properly.”

Seems like she realized what I was going to say with just that. Her happy expression from a while ago disappeared.

“I will die after executing the ultimate magic 3 days later. Probably. No, most certainly, I guess. I am sorry that, I was so late in telling you. I should have told you faster.”

“.....”

Eliza didn't say anything. But I continued.

“Even if I die, I want you to be happy. But, there's something I would like to request of you. Will you listen?”

“.....”

She still didn't say anything.

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“When Helan territory is released from the curse, I want to leave the rebuilding of the land to you. With your knowledge and skills, it will definitely go well. I believe that. But, it will probably be a tough job. But still, I can ask this of you because you are you. No, it's something I can't ask anyone but you.”

Something I can only ask Eliza, whom I trust. If it's her, I can also count on her

with the tough work. Please, take care of this land after I am gone.

“..... A world without Kururi-sama is like stew without any potato—it’s meaningless.”

She got up and left the spring.

That was an example I didn’t quite understand but it looks like I have been rejected. I wanted to request this to Eliza. I would have been able to go peacefully that way.

But, I also feel like it won’t go so bad.

Rahsa, Iris, Toto, prince Arch, Rail, and maybe even Vain from another country will protect this land. I can go in peace if it’s them. It can’t be helped if Eliza rejected... I will pray that she finds happiness in her own way. Yep, surely she will—and I pray, that she is filled with happiness.



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没落予定なので、  
鍛冶職人を目指す

著 CK ◆かわく



Botsuraku Youtei

## Chapter 102

One day before the execution day.

I got up early in the morning and left the house alone.

The sky was still dark. Excluding this area, Helan territory was being eaten away by the curse. It is natural for the sky to still be dark as the sun hasn't come out yet but even this feels like one of the effects of the curse. That was how much my head was filled with thoughts about the curse.

I still haven't said my goodbye to Eliza. After that time, we've only just passed by each other a few times and haven't talked. But, this might be for the best. It will surely be painful for both of us if I were to clearly say goodbye to her. This half-assed farewell might surprisingly be the most easy one... While thinking of such things, I proceeded into the forest.

Old man Moran and Betal-san are probably still sleeping. They are probably worrying about things in their own way. Eliza is also sleeping, I think. She is also probably holding onto some complicated feelings. Even I am. There's just so many things to think about that I feel my head is going to burst. But as it's clear what must be done, I decided to focus on that. In terms of worrying about things, I probably have it easier than them.

As I advanced, the hard ground underneath me kept getting softer and muddier. I was now heading towards the cursed swamp by myself. I didn't just impatiently come here to look at the situation..... I am thinking of executing the ultimate magic by myself, now.

The faster it is done, the better. And besides, the ultimate magic is already complete too. The process is drilled into my head. All that was left was to wait for the day. And we had decided on the day by ourselves so it wouldn't affect the ultimate magic even if I were to break it.



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As I was walking with a lot in my mind, I reached the cursed swamp faster than I realized.

The huge swamp spread out in front of me.

The pure blackness covered the whole surface, constantly sucking in the mud and dirt from the ground. There were a few bubbles popping out in a few places but to me it looked like they were emitted by the swamp as if it was satisfied.

What an ominous place. Rather than the magic being this or that, the place just simply feels creepy. If I were to step into the swamp, I will fall into an endless abyss, taking me to the underworld and that would be the end. Just the thought that men brought about this situation is terrifying.

I sat down and tried feeling the magic flowing in this place once.

And there lied something terrifying which couldn't be seen by the naked eye. Strong, viscous, dark magic was filling the place. I could feel its malice, its greed, wanting to eat away at everything.

It wasn't that long back when the curse had been revived. However, in this short period of time, this cursed swamp has gotten unbelievable amount of life force. It felt like the swamp was increasing its strength even further, now that the ultimate magic was completed.

There, I had resolved myself once again.

Today, I will use the ultimate magic and get rid of this curse once and for all. Old man Moran, Betal-san and even Eliza are probably thinking I will do it tomorrow. I don't know why but it just felt so lonely thinking of using the magic in from of them. Of course, having them watch over me would feel very reassuring but at the same time, the loneliness I would feel then would far exceed that.

I am not doing this one day before to not sadden them. I, myself will feel too lonely and that's why I decided on doing it a day early. Surely they will forgive this much selfishness.

Ah, now that I think about it, the first Helan landlord also performed the ultimate magic one day before. I just remembered that all of a sudden.

My ancestor probably also had these feelings. It wasn't for his companions who would grief his death. It was because he himself wouldn't be able to bear the loneliness.

After his death, happiness came to many people and his name wasn't forgotten either. This time too, even if it's just half of what he brought, I hope a future like that awaits this land.

I stopped thinking irresolutely.

I raised one hand to the sky and released all the magic.

A red light concentrated into my fist. The slightly dark area was illuminated by a strong light. The light came together and condensed into one point and

turned to heat. It then immediately expanded to ten times of its previous size. At the same time, a strong burst of sudden gust blew. The wind was dry. It felt pleasant, as if it blew away all the gloominess from this area.

It all settled down in my stomach and a huge vortex started swirling.

I also started feeling the strong magic and heat. Although slowly, the huge swirl of magic became more lively. The burden on my body is already so much that I feel like falling down to rest.

The cursed swamp also reacted to this huge magic. As if to resonate with it, the magic swirling around the land also started to move.

At last, I was able to stand in the battlefield.

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes.

I released all my magic — literally all of it without leaving a drop.

The light in my hand got even stronger as well as the vortex in my stomach.

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The preparations were complete.

The ultimate magic has awakened here and now.

[Under the name of Kururi Helan, I order thee, ancient vortex of magic, reside in my body. Now is the time, release that enormous magic and consume all of the dark magic.]

The requirements were met and the chanting was complete.

Now, let's see. If my body reaches death first or the curse's magic under the cursed swamp dies out first.

Mana collided against mana, creating a bursts of wind from the shockwaves. As the first collision died out, the vortex started sucking in the curse's mana. Slowly but surely, the vortex in my stomach started to display its true worth.

And as I sucked in the curse, the burden on my body started weighing in. I started to feel listless and nauseated. As if my weight was doubled. My hand felt heavy like lead and had solidified.

But I didn't feel pain. And although that felt scary in itself, that was also the reason I was able to endure it.

I will absolutely not die until I suck all of it in! I was determined.

Both the curse and the vortex were nowhere near its end.

I understood then once again, how big of an existence I was fighting against. I was the only one suffering and this monster was just laughing at me... is what I thought, as my spirit weakened.

And suddenly, blood came flowing out of my nose. Not only my senses, damage was also piling up on my body.

Everything will turn out fine if I use the ultimate magic. I didn't think of it like that but I also didn't think it would be this harsh.

I felt as if I relaxed for even a moment, my feet will give out and I will fall to my knees and will be unable to rise up again.

The situation was too painful to get over by thinking of fun stuff. I also felt my consciousness weakening. How exactly did the 1st get over this crisis? As I thought, he is an amazing person. I could feel his greatness once again, feeling the pain he went through.

I don't know what I should do anymore. I just need to bear it but that's tough



too. Ahh! I need something! Some kind of an event that will help me stand up strong again! Can't something like that happen already?!

“Kururi-sama...”

I felt like I heard Eliza's voice.

To which I was surprised. Although just a bit, the pain in my body eased. To think I would be saved by her even at times like this.

However, this area is already surrounded by storms and intense heat, making it unable for anyone to get close easily. Unfortunately, that voice just now couldn't be hers. It's surely a hallucination created by this thing.



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“Kururi-sama!”

A loud voice resonated in my ears and at the same time, I felt a sharp pain on my cheeks.

“Eh, eh hh, Eliza?!!”

Why is Eliza in a place like this? Illusion? Why is it that she is always by my side whenever I want her to be?!

“Kururi-sama! This is your punishment for being selfish.”

She pinched my cheeks strongly again. I don't feel much pain anymore... That's what felt lonely.

“Eliza, it's dangerous here. The mana is rampaging.”

“I thought if it's you, you might just do it, Kururi-sama. That you might just go to a faraway place, bearing it all by yourself. I will not forgive something so selfish! I will also stay here.”

“You can't. I don't want to drag you into this!”

“No, I will have myself be involved in this!”

“What are you being so polite for, even at a time like this?! You still have a bright life ahead of you, you can still enjoy it. There's no need for you to throw it all away here!”

“Then that goes for you as well, Kururi-sama! I will definitely not move from here.”

Saying that, she leaped into my chest and didn't let go. I didn't even have the strength to resist at this point. I could barely feel her holding onto me. Besides, I

didn't feel like resisting either.

"You will die, if you stay here."

"I don't mind."

I was really scared of getting her involved, but, at the same time, it felt really peaceful just having her by my side. I was confident, that I wouldn't lose to the pain anymore. If Eliza stays till the end like this...

"Please let me bear the things you are bearing by yourself."

".....Got it."

She can't escape this place anymore. And if that's the case, then I want to be with her till the end.

"I am glad. After all, a world without Kururi-sama is like a stew without potatoes."

That was the last thing I heard from her.

The light gathering around my fist rose to the sky and shaped into one red line. The huge vortex entered the final stage of its activity. The surroundings got caught up in the shockwaves and trees got knocked down one after another.

The vortex came out from my stomach and manifested into the world.

And that was the end. The vortex ate away the curse and disappeared.

That was the last scene I saw.

The curse disappeared. I wanted to confirm that at least before dying. But, if I were to be greedy, I also wanted to have a glance at Eliza who stayed beside me but, that didn't happen.

It seems like Kururi Helan's road ends here—

In the world where both the huge vortex and the cursed swamp had disappeared.

The sandstorms covering the Helan skies disappeared and miracles started happening in the dried up lands. On the dead lands, flowers sprouted one after another and petals were in full bloom.

Such miracles happened and that dried up land became even more abundant in nature than before, only a few weeks after the swamp's disappearance. One could even see insects and fishes. And the people who had to leave Helan also returned.

They didn't know who did it but rumors spread among the people quickly. That it must be that person.

It didn't take long for this incident to be called 'Kururi's Miracle' by the world. However, after that, the person everyone was eagerly waiting for, Kururi Helan, didn't show any sign of appearing. There was no contact with him. A new landlord's mansion was built so that he can return anytime. It also held the purpose of being the symbol of revival but at the end, Kururi didn't return. The mansion remained an empty space where no one lived.

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pages**

没落予定なので、  
**鍛冶職人を目指す**

著 **CK** ◆かわく



I am still looking for an opportunity to increase the schedule of the novel. With Slime completed and with the backlog of Magi Craft Meister due to my completed next week. I will look to add two more chapters to make it 4 per month. Cheers!

Botsuraku Youtei

## Chapter 103

Where exactly is this place...?

I woke up in a state covered by a cocoon made of thin membrane. Maybe my dream to become a chrysalis has come true. Although I do not remember having such a dream.

As I tore the membrane with both hands, I could see an unfamiliar roof up top. Really, where is this?

Hmm? My memory doesn't exactly feel clear. My mind is just drawing a blank. I tried blinking constantly and concentrating on my consciousness but my memory didn't return even then. Where is this and why am I here?

When I looked around me, I discovered another cocoon. I tried looking into it. There was a person visible through the transparent thin membrane. I don't even know this person. No, this feeling is more of 'can't remember' than 'don't know'. The person inside the cocoon looked strong-willed and unbelievably beautiful. So beautiful that I could keep on watching forever. Really.

..... I don't know where this is but I started to feel like it wasn't such a bad place.

I had no idea when the girl next to me would wake up so for the time being, I tried looking around the building. At first glance, it looks like a normal house but there's no furniture and it doesn't feel like anyone lives here. I wonder if it was abandoned for a long time? But it's too clean for that. I thought someone came periodically to clean the place while we were asleep. I wonder if that person will come by anytime soon? If they do, I would like to hear about this situation in detail. I feel like my memories just suddenly flew away. I just wanted to fill in that portion at the moment.

When I looked outside, the sun had just gotten right overhead. I wonder if it's about noon.



I had nothing else to do so I just gazed outside.

I could hear people's bustling voices from afar. There might be a marketplace nearby.

As I was free either way, I left the building and headed towards the way the lively noise came. After walking down a lane for a while, I got out on the main street. As I thought, there was a marketplace there and it was quite lively. There were many different shops on both sides of the road and the middle was crowded with people coming and going.

"Oi. You rich-looking lad. Why don't ya buy something from me, eh?"

Rich-looking lad... is he talking about me?

"You with the red hair, I am talking to you."

He pointed at me seeing I was perplexed. Certainly, I had red hair. It seems that I look like I am rich.



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"Sorry but I don't have any on me right now."

Or so it's supposed to be. I couldn't find a wallet even after I searched my pockets.

"Eh, that's a shame. But, our soft pie is really delicious, ya know? Have some before ya go. You can just come again if ya like it, alright?"

"You are giving me quite the service, huh?"

I received the pie from the nice old man and ate it.

“.....”

“Well, do ya like it?”

Now that I think about it, was I sleeping inside that cocoon? And if so, how long? If I am having trouble with remembering anything, it must have been quite long. That would mean that I had nothing to eat all that time.

But, from the looks of it, it doesn't seem like my body has suffered from starvation. It might be that I took in nutrients in a different way than eating. Leaving that aside to know later, I think I can surely say that I had nothing to eat.

After all, the pie was so delicious I felt like chewing it forever. I put the whole pie in my mouth, making my cheeks swell, and ate it. And before I realized, tears were pouring out my eyes along with a bit of snot from my nose, and I was soaked in happiness.

“Oi oi oi, noble-like lad, I didn't think you would like it that much...”

“.....On....mo...”

“Hmm? What? Speak after ya finish eating that, alright?”

I decided to do just that. Gulping it down, I requested the old man for another.

“Could I have another?”

“Haha.”

That was probably out of the ordinary for the old man. He probably felt quite glad as he kept laughing for a while afterwards.

After he calmed down, the old man started making another pie.

“To tell ya the truth, I just started my business today. I was nervous about what was to come but if a noble like you likes it this much, I think I can have some confidence in my cooking.”

Hmm? Seems like he just went from rich-looking lad to noble-like lad to noble. Am I really a noble? If not, sorry about this.

“I will definitely pay you back someday.”

“That’s fine. This is from me as a starting celebration.”

I will take your word for it, alright, old man?

I stuffed the second one in my mouth as well, again making my cheeks swell as I ate it. And although my future is much more unknown than the old man, for the moment, I just felt happy.

Expressing my gratitude to the old man, I again started walking down the marketplace.

I thought after I started to walk again that, I wanted to have the pretty girl in that building have that pie too. She would also surely find it delicious and be moved. I did think about going back to ask the old man for one more but that just feels wrong after being treated to two whole pies. No, in the first place, it wouldn’t be a matter if I just had money. That would also contribute to sales for the old man.

If so, then I just need to earn money. I don’t know when that beautiful girl will wake up but earning money won’t do any harm. Alright, I guess I will do it!

Well, although I just made the decision, what did I do back when I had my memory? The old man called me a noble but what exactly do nobles do to earn money? Will the day when I pay back the old man ever come?

I thought about it seriously for a while but it won’t do any good worrying so I continued my exploration of the marketplace. I don’t have any ulterior motives like being treated again, alright?!

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But I did get the stuff I got. It seems like I get treated if I am noble-like. I should remember that.

As I advanced along the main street, the crowd of people slowly started to get

lesser and lesser.

After crossing the section where they sell food and clothes, I seem to have reached the section of where artisans gather. There were also shops which had leather goods and metal works. This is probably where they make the stuff and they sell it in that crowded place. While there were shops where there was a lot of disciples and it was lively, there were also shops where one person was slowly and silently doing their work.

There wasn't anything here I fill my stomach with but weirdly enough, I kinda felt calm here.

At the same time, while I was feeling comfortable, I also felt this excitement in my heart as I walked through the place. Exactly what is this excitement? Will a gamble start out of the blue? It doesn't seem like it.

And at last, my ears caught something decisive.

'Clang' 'clang'—the sound of metal striking metal. Here within this sector, it seems like the smiths gather here. As I went close, I could see smiths enthusiastically hammering iron here and there. My heart beat faster. I thought I might just have been a smith.

I can't help but feel that the hammers these smiths in front of me are using will feel very familiar in my hands. Also, judging from how I can tell that that man is not really good, I might just be a smith.

"Sorry to bother you while working. I would like to ask, am I a blacksmith?"

"Huh?! I don't know! Mm, what, you a noble? Please, don't get in the way of my work!"

Seems like I asked a weird question. I guess he wouldn't have known, if I was a blacksmith or not. But, they all do think I am a noble, huh. Well, I probably am a noble then.

For a while, I went around looking at their workplaces. To be honest, there were too many who were lacking practice. Or so I thought. I don't have confidence. It's just that I feel like that.

After having seen them all, I found the best one working at the middle of that

place. An old man. Seems like he didn't have any disciple as he just kept working on his own.

"Do even nobles feel like wanting to see this every once in a while?"

Apart from saying that, he just went on with his work silently. I feel calm watching him work. And it also makes me want to hammer swords.

I don't know how long I was watching as I forgot the time. Before I realized, there was a swordsman standing beside us. From his atmosphere and his figure, I can tell that he is strong.



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"Mr. Barol, I would like my sword fixed."

"Again, eh?"

It felt like they knew each other.

"A customer?"

The swordsman noticed me.

"No, a rare guest. I think you don't need to worry."

"Yes, I am just watching."

I agreed to the old man's opinion.

"I see. Then I would like you to accept my request. Here."

The swordsman gave the old man called Barol the sword he was carrying along with its sheath. Although he had trouble, the old man took the sword and

drew it.

A double-edged sword. From just one look, I could tell that it is probably a very excellent sword. In the sword's body, the name of the blacksmith was carved in. It read 'Kururi Helan'.

"Would you look at that—people sure get first class goods when they are top rate adventurer, huh? To think I would be able to see the Kururi series with my own eyes."

The old man's face was filled with happiness. And that happiness was lost soon after.

"However, again, swords always turn out like this when you use it."

It was also quite natural for the old man to feel sad. Even though it was such an excellent sword, the sword was in terrible shape, with a crack running through the middle.

"I do think I know how inexperienced I am. However, against a black dragon, I had no choice but to sacrifice the sword."

"I wouldn't say you're inexperienced. If you were to be inexperienced, then 90% of all adventurers would be incompetent. However, it is also true that you can't get through that coarseness. To bring the lost Kururi series to this state."

".....I am sorry."

They both could have this conversation because of their love for swords. Although the old man was scolding him, he did acknowledge the swordsman's strength and the swordsman was also properly listening to the old man. I felt like that was the ideal form of the maker and the user.

The old man put the sword he was making on hold for now and inspected every nook and corner of the requested sword.

And, after thinking for a long while, he finally opened his mouth.

"No, I can't fix it anymore now that it's in this state. At the very least, not with my skills."

“Wha?! If the best blacksmith in town, Mr. Barol can’t fix it, who can?”

“There probably isn’t anyone who could in this city. The percentage is low but if you really want it fixed, you have no other choice but to go to the capital. If needed, I can write you a letter of introduction. It’s the Kururi series after all, I also feel bad about giving up like this.”

“Uuu... after all the trouble I went through to get a hold of it. I ended up wasting it.”

“Seems like it.”

The two were clearly disappointed.

And so, I was thinking.

That—hmm? I think I can fix it.

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How should I bring it up? It seems to be quite a famous sword so they probably won’t let me touch it that easily. However, I might be able to get some money this way. If I can, I would be able to let that girl in the cocoon eat as many pies as she wants.

If so, I had no choice but to speak up.

“Shall I fix it?”

“Wha?”

I was glared at by the swordsman. Well, that’s still within the range of what I expected so I won’t glare back or anything.

“Noble lad, you mustn’t say something so rash.”

The old man said with a tone as if he was comforting a child. Seems like he

was trying to speak for me before the swordsman got angry.

“I understand. My head is currently in a strange state but I do know that I will have to take responsibility for my words.”

“Then what? Are you trying to say that a sword—the lost Kururi series at that—can be fixed by a youngster like you when even Mr. Barol couldn’t fix it?”

The swordsman said in his usual high-handed tone. He probably hates people who jest around. And at this moment, in his eyes, I probably look like someone like that.

“I am saying that. After all, it can’t be fixed by anyone, right? Then letting me handle it is the same as abandoning a dead sword, right? Will you try letting me handle it, knowing it would have gone to waste either way?”

“The percentage is low but I could find someone who can fix it in the capital. I can’t possibly leave it with you.”

“Ahh, geez, you’re stubborn, aren’t you? If you leave it to me, I will fix it in an hour. In fact, I will even take only two pies as the cost. How about it?”

“Hmm, that just makes it way more suspicious, I can’t leave it to you. Mr. Barol, that will be it for today. The next time I come by, I request you have that letter of introduction.”

“Ah, I understand. Shall I take care of the sword?”

“I would like it if you do.”

“Alright, got it.”

The swordsman left. He still hadn’t calmed down.



“He loves swords way more than your average person. Saying something like that bluntly, that also after his sword just broke, surely he would get angry. I don’t know what you were planning but even if you are a noble, you can’t do whatever you like.”

I was warned once again.

Eh, am I at fault? Is that so?”

“But, I can fix stuff I can fix...”

“Stubborn, aren’t you? The fact that you have been seeing my work all this time means you probably do have some knowledge about swords. However, I can’t have you do a job like that suddenly. In the first place, are you even a blacksmith?”

Uuu..... I can’t say anything ‘cause I don’t remember anything.

The old man had an expression like ‘see? What’d I tell you?’.

“You probably don’t even know the Kururi series.”

“Uuuu...”

My voice came out this time.

“But I can tell it’s a good sword with just one look.”

That is the truth. I could clearly tell that it was a good sword even at its battered state.

“Of course. Anyone would be fascinated seeing the Kururi series. Even a

child.”

Is that really so? I wouldn’t know. I don’t have any memories after all.

“Even as it is, it’s no good when the sword is in that state. But even then, it’s a Kururi series. You know, Kururi series is the series of blades made by the legendary blacksmith Kururi Helan. As most of his swords are very unique, any average blacksmith will just end up ruining the sword if they try to fix it.”

“Oho. He must have been a very amazing person. You said something about it being lost a while before.”

“Of course he is amazing. Although he left very few swords in this world, all of his swords are of national treasure level. He was a blacksmith nobody knew but he suddenly rose up in name and then suddenly disappeared 3 years ago. The story that he is dead is most likely. There are a lot of rumors going around but I don’t know what the truth is. One theory even says he was a noble. What a joke.”

Oho?—my voice came out once again.

“How many are there in the series?”

“3 god level swords. 10 heaven level ones and 30 holy ones. Those are the only ones clearly known to be built by Kururi Helan. The one he brought in just now is one of the holy ones, Amatsu.”

I just went like—Oh, I see.

If that Kururi guy was alive, he would have been really rich—what a waste.

“Well, that’s fine. If you won’t let me fix it, then let me help with something. I want to buy a pie when I go back.”

“I am not taking disciples.”

“No, not disciple. Any simple job would do.”

“What a persistent noble, you are. I don’t have any job I can entrust you to. The sword I was making just now, try finishing that. After all that boasting, surely you could do that much?”

And so, I was entrusted with finishing up the sword Barol was making.

Hmm, this might be rude but that level of a sword isn’t well made. I would have liked to start from scratch but I might be chased away if I complain so I guess I have no other choice but to finish this up. I just need to have enough money to bring back some pies. He will probably give me that much if I finish this one.

I was able to do it even without thinking about how to finish making a sword. It was strange. Even though I couldn’t remember a bit in my head, my body just moved on its own. Even without thinking anything, before i realized, the sword was done. The base wasn’t good but I think I did quite a good job with the finishing. I felt like I could have a good battle with that Kururi Helan guy Barol was praising.

I was about to go report that I was done to Barol but it seems like he was watching beside me all the while. Just like I was concentrating, it seems like he was also concentrating.

“Well? I am done with it.”

“Ah, ah...”

It felt like his soul was sucked out of him.

“Hey, I kinda feel bad saying this out of the blue but..”

“Mm? Ah.....”

His soul hasn’t come back yet, huh?

“I am fine with just enough money to buy some pies so, could I get some? I did your work too.”

“Ahh... take it. I have a safe in the back. Take all you want.....”

Barol took the sword I finished on his hand and looked at it like his soul was drifting even further away.

Even when I told him 'I will just take enough money for some pies and leave, alright?', he just stared at the sword with his mouth wide open.

ここは一体どこだろう……。

俺は薄い布状の膜でできた繭に包まれて目を覚ました。  
記憶がはつきりしない。頭がぼーっとしてしまう。  
ここがどこなのか、なぜ自分がここにいいのか。

没落予定なので、  
**鍛冶職人を目指す** 7

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pages**

没落予定なので、  
鍛冶職人を目指す

著 CK ◆かわく







## Chapter 104

It seems like the money I received from Barol was a bit more than I expected since I could buy five whole pies with it.

I wanted that mysterious, pretty girl to also have the freshly-baked pies. And so I hurried back to the building in which I woke up. Going back now, what was I thinking leaving the doors unlocked with a pretty girl sleeping inside? Although, I wasn't really in the right mind when I woke up either. When I got back, I found the girl sleeping peacefully, so it was all good for now.

Looking at her again, she really is a very beautiful person.

Her skin is so smooth that I feel like touching them a bit. But that would end up being sexual harassment so I stopped myself. Although I brought some pie, the mysterious, pretty girl still wouldn't wake up. She was peacefully sleeping inside the white cocoon.

I would like her to wake up before it gets cold but I have no idea when she will be waking up. What exactly happened to us? I couldn't remember no matter how hard I tried so I stopped thinking about it.

At this rate, the pies will go to waste...

I brought the pies as close to the cocoon as possible and made it so that the mysterious girl could get a sniff of its good smell which could act as a stimulus.

".....Nnn....."

.....The mysterious girl let out a voice.

This is unexpected. I wanted to try and see if her appetite for food could wake her up but this is an unexpected result.

I tried letting her sniff it again.

"Ah....."

What is this feeling, like I have conquered something?

Come on, try sniffing it again.

“Kyaa.....”

She let out a louder voice than before, making her cheeks red. This might be heaven. And this pretty girl in front of me might be the goddess—giving me reward for piling up good deeds? No, let’s think straight.

I tried doing that a few more times and she moved her body a bit each time.

Is she waking up?

This time, her finger clearly moved. And next, strength came into her whole body as she woke up and opened her eyes.

Her big, pretty eyes were visible through the transparent cocoon. She looked even prettier than when she was asleep. Although her impression of being strong-willed also feels more apparent now.



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It seems like she didn’t quite understand what was going on but she still immediately tore apart the cocoon wrapping her with both hands.

And naturally, her awareness was now set towards me.

“Who are you?”

“I don’t know myself.”

“...I wonder if you are a dangerous person.”

“I don’t think so. I just can’t remember anything. Well, can you remember

who you are?”

“Of course, I am..... Hmm? Who am I?”

“Right? I was like that too.”

“Ah, I see...”

She looked around the building once again. There was no signs of living and there was also another cocoon the same as hers beside hers.

“Have you awakened just now as well?”

“No, I awakened a bit earlier. And I bought these from outside. Pies, they are extremely delicious.”

She took the pie I offered but looked kinda reluctant to eat it.

“Try eating it—you must be very hungry.”

“Y-yes.....”

She nervously took a bit.

.....Nom.

.....Nomnom.

.....Nomnomnom, mmmm—-!!

She ended up putting the whole pie in her mouth, making her cheeks swell and turn red as tears of deep emotion came pouring out her eyes. And for some reason I am not quite sure of, she also thrust her hands to the air as if she had triumphed,

“Umm..... can I get another.....”

“Here.”

I had predicted she would ask for another and so I handed over another. I also showed her the rest to let her know there’s more but she also put that one in

her mouth in one go and again thrust her fist of victory.

And right afterwards, she clogged her throat and I had to save her from writhing in agony..... which I thought would be better if I remove from my memory. I wouldn't want to remember something that would ruin her prettiness.

"Fuu, I feel somewhat happy now that my stomach is full."

"About to remember something about yourself?"

"Nope, not at all."

I guess that is also natural. I also ate the pie but didn't go through any change either. It didn't seem like a full belly would bring back memories, after all.

"Hey, what should I call you?"

She looked into my face and asked.

That's a tough question. What shall I be called? I can't even remember anything about myself.

And suddenly, I remembered the stuff that happened in that old man's blacksmith. The one who made that famous sword, Kururi Helan, was it? Seems like he was quite talented but died a few years ago. To be honest, I was a bit jealous of his fame. Because I felt like I could make swords just as good as his, if not better. That's what my instinct tells me.

"I guess... I will go by the name Kururi."

I don't have a clear reason behind it but I kinda felt right to borrow that name for now.

"Hmmm, it kinda has this loose feeling to it—it resembles you."

What harsh things this girl says. I had thought she would have a very strong personality, looks like I was on point.

"And what about you?"

"Eh?! Me too?"

“Of course. It must be some kind of fate to have met here so let’s decide on what to call you too. Besides, you also made fun of my name. Please, let me see what good sense of naming you have.”

I provoked her a bit. She did call my name loose, so this much should be fine.

“H-how about E... Eri?”

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She said, looking restless.

Eri... Eri, eh? Hmm, it is frustrating to admit but that’s kinda cute. Sounds good.

“W-well?!”

“Hmm, it sounds a bit childish, I guess?”

In a flash, two hands came rushing at my neck. I barely dodged it but was she trying to strangle me? That’s seriously absurd! Strong-willed? She isn’t that simple! This woman is dangerous!

“Scary! What are you doing?!”

“It’s because you insulted it.”

“I didn’t insult it. By the way, why Eri?”

“...Among the little memory I have left, there’s one of a movie I saw long ago. It’s a story about how a noble’s daughter ran away with a thief and lived happily in a city. That heroine’s name was Eriza. Why do I remember this? Well, I guess it doesn’t matter. I took it from there.”

“Do you look up to this Eriza?”

That might be it. But she was too embarrassed to answer. And instead, different words came out.

“...I hate you.”

“The feeling’s mutual.”

Her face is my type. Of course I wouldn’t mention that, though.



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After the bloodlust in the atmosphere drifted away and we were thinking about what to do, the door to the house was opened.

“Ah.”

A girl came in letting out her voice like that. She looked to be 16 years old with a naive-looking face of a 7 year old. She had thin eyes and tanned skin. She looked like a country girl.

“Ah, you woke up?”

“We woke up, yes.”

“Ahaha, I didn’t know when you would wake up so I couldn’t make any preparations. Sorry about that.”

She hurried inside the room and put her cleaning tools at a corner. It seemed like this place was clean thanks to her.

The girl beside me... It seems like Eri also thought that and so we both greeted her with respect.

“You two, there’s no need to be so formal. I am just a country girl. And you two are probably of a higher status so I should be the one being formal.”

“Probably?”

“Eh, yes. I just thought maybe you two are of the high class. You both have pretty faces so I thought maybe the blood of high class people are in you.”

“Sorry, it seems like we can’t remember anything. If it’s okay with you, could you tell us everything about what you know?”

“Of course! That is also my job, after all. But for now, let me make something. You both are probably hungry, right?”

“That’s fine. Just a while ago we had pies from the marketplace.”

“Ah, that. I also saw that. It had a really nice scent but it felt like it might get stuck in the throat so I didn’t buy it. I am a careless person so I get things stuck in my throat quite often, you see. Getting stuff stuck in the throat is very painful, isn’t it? Ah—sorry. I ended up talking about myself. You two seem very elegant, so surely you haven’t experienced that. Ahahahaha.”

Not like I remember but Eri just got it stuck in her throat a while ago so I can guarantee you’re not the only one.

The kind-looking girl sat in front of us and put a finger on her chin, pondering on where to start from.

“Ah, I forgot to introduce myself. I am Poly. I help around the liquor store my parents run. My dream for the future is to marry a man who can make delicious liquor. I am 16 years old. My favorite foods are foods which go well with liquor. Although, I can’t drink liquor. Ahahaha, seeing my parents and the customers at the shop have it, I kinda came to like it as well. And then, you see, long ago, before a friend like.....”

“I, I think that’s nice. You sure seem like a wonderful person!”

She is really at her own pace! That, I understood.

“Ahahah, thank you very much. I am not praised much so that makes me

happy. If you were to say you like me, please become a man who can make liquor. I can't go out with someone who can't make liquor."

"...Yes. I will keep that in mind."

Poly's long introduction came to an end and she again began to wonder where she should start from. Will we really be able to learn of the past?! Surely I am not the only one feeling anxious seeing Poly.

"It was raining that day. My father had agreed to shoulder an old friend's debt after he was requested. That was 10 years ago."

10 years ago?! What are we getting ourselves into?! Can it be that we have been sleeping for 10 years?!

"Ah, they opened the liquor store 12 years ago. Even though I was small, I still remember. I was filled with hope at that time. Those were also good times. I also got a lot of flowers from the neighbors."

The story is going offroad, isn't it? There's no mistake. There's no way we've been sleeping 10 years.

"A lot happened after that and I met you two 3 years ago."

So you're gonna cut it short?! You were a person who would cut short 7 years all along?!!

Well, for what it's worth, she does seem like our savior so I will listen quietly. But, I really wanna say it. Are you seriously cutting out all that?!!

"You, are you not getting a bit hot?"

Eri pointed out to me. Seems like I was getting worked up so much that it was visible.

"And then it seemed like they couldn't pay off the debt and had to let go of the shop. I didn't want that—I really didn't want it and so I desperately protested against it to my parents. But my father said we had no other choice. And mother also just smiled. But I couldn't forgive my father's old friend—who disappeared after making him shoulder the debt. But I could do nothing..."



But I do want you to cut that off. Strongly.

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Hearing such a grand story of hardship, Eri and I felt quite a bit down. I really think that old friend is to blame. Really.

“And at that time, a person called Moran appeared. He was an old man but was kinda dandy and I thought I could marry him if he was able to make liquor and what not... Then more stuff happened and he paid off our debt. I was happy. I thought that there were bad people in the world but there are good people too. And so, that Mr. Moran came requesting me to look after you two as he didn’t know how much longer he would live.”

“And that’s us?”

“Yes, that’s right. Mr. Moran didn’t tell me the details about you two. He just gave me a lot of money ‘cause he didn’t know when you two will wake up. To be honest, I thought the amount was too much and that with this I could even open a 2nd shop but then I thought that I couldn’t do that to another person’s kindness and so for the next three years, I rented this empty place and have been taking care of you two. Well, even though I say take care, Mr. Moran said you didn’t need food nor baths so I didn’t really have much to do. I just had to make sure you two were safe.”

“.....Moran.”

I couldn’t remember that name at all.

“That cocoon was a very impressive magic, wasn’t it? I still can’t believe you two being awake like this healthily. I was grateful to Mr. Moran for so long—it seems like I will finally be able to repay the debt. Really, thank you for waking up.”

“No, thank you too.”

Seems like we were saved by this person called Moran at first. He even paid a

huge amount of money to the girl for our safety and disappeared.

Why? Why did he do so much for us?

“I can’t be thankful enough to Mr. Moran. He even gave me so much money. And that Mr. Moran said you two were very respectable people to him. And so, you two are respectable to me too. Please stay here as long as you like, I will take care of all your troubles.”

I even thought that she could have just hid the fact that she received money. But I can tell that she is a very pure person just by looking at her.

“Ms. Poly, thank you very much. I can’t remember what happened to us but we were able to wake up like this thanks to you and that Mr. Moran. Please use all the money you received from Mr. Moran for yourself. Now that we have woken up, we will make a living for ourselves by ourselves. Although we might rely on you a bit.”

“I will feel guilty to Mr. Moran like that. Please order me anything to do.”

That’s really okay. At this rate, it will become a dispute so I glanced at Eri for help.

“What kind of work can you do?”



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For some reason the question was thrown at me. I guess that is only natural, since I said I would make a living myself. I should have said something more specific, as well.

“I can do smithing. If I had a little fund, I think I could open a shop. Will this

house do as the shop? I have confidence in my skills... I think.”

“Then, how about borrowing that little fund? And then we will have Ms. Poly be the first customer. If the shop goes well, Ms. Poly wouldn’t need to feel guilty to Mr. Moran either, right?”

Looks like I was right to look to her for help. She gave me the precise solution right away. Also, seeing Eri talk so smartly like that, I thought she looked cool.

“That was amazing!”

Seems like Poly also thought the same.

“I really did receive a lot of money so please take as much fund as you like. You were a smith, huh? Ah, I haven’t heard your names yet.”

“You can call me Kururi.”

“Please call me Eri.”

“Mr. Kururi and Ms. Eri. Looks like it will get a lot more fun from now on.”

Poly stood up, saying ‘then let’s get to cleaning!’ but then turned back to face us again, saying ‘ah, right!’.

“There was something Mr. Moran said I should definitely tell you. Umm, please listen carefully.”

W-what is it? I kinda feel scared.

“G-go ahead.”

“You both have fulfilled your duties. After waking up, please live your lives for your own happiness.”

Muttering ‘thank God I didn’t forget’, Poly went back again to get her cleaning tools.

It was a line that showed how kind this Moran person is. Is that why it strangely resonates in my heart?

After that, Poly said she would go clean but we declined and got to cleaning the place ourselves. It's the house we will be living in for a while. We should be the ones cleaning it thoroughly. I looked around the room while cleaning. There's basically nothing in the room so it feels very lonely. That made me think that we also need to get some furniture.

Hmm?

I had a little doubt so I called out to Eri, who was cleaning diligently beside me.

"Umm, about the conversation with Poly. Judging from how you said that last bit, it kinda felt like you will be staying here too?"

"Isn't that obvious? I don't have anywhere else to go. Half of this is my territory."

Territory? That's grandiose.

"Will you perhaps be helping out with the shop too?"

"Of course. I don't feel like I will be able to do any other job either. With my beauty, wouldn't people still come to buy the swords even if they are bad?"

"That's rude. You will fall in love when you see my skills. In the first place, why do you know you're pretty? You just woke up."

"Hmm, you have been looking at me frequently, haven't you? That's proof enough."

Uuuu..... So she knew.

"I guess I have no choice. Let's work hard together."

I said while extending my hand. But she just looked away. Looks like she won't handshake for reconciliation.

"What? That's not nice, you know?"

"I did say I do not like you."

“But we will have to work together, right? Then it will be hard if you hate me.”

“I do hate you. But I don’t hate your face. So I will tolerate it.”

Eri said and left to clean the 2nd floor.

..... Hmm, well, that works. Hmm? So she doesn’t hate my face...? Ahh, that woman, don’t tell me! Ts-tsundere?! Is she a tsundere?!!

END OF CHAPTER

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没落予定なので、  
**鍛冶職人を目指す**

著 **CK** ◆かわく







## Chapter 105

Using the funds we got from Ms. Poly, I had a smithing workshop made in the house. In this city, where there are many blacksmiths, there were also a hefty number of professionals who do this kind of work.

“You can really make swords, right?”

After coming this far into preparing the shop, Eli spoke of her disbelief.

I have come to understand her traits quite well—even though she is quite pretty when she stays quiet, the moment she opens her mouth, only thorn like words come out from her mouth. However, I also now know that she is a bit of a tsundere so looking forward to that one day when her dere form comes, I tolerated her words.

“I will make an awesome sword for you then. If you want, I will also make it an Eli special.”

“Oh, is that so? Then I will take you up on that offer, legendary blacksmith Mr. ‘Kururi’.”

Ah..... she knows.

About this Kururi Helan dude against whom I have this weird sense of opposition. Seeing one of his swords which is part of the Kururi series, I thought I could make one of the same level. And in fact, the one I made at the old man Barol’s workshop isn’t inferior to the Kururi series either. However, having someone know that I am borrowing the name of the person against whom I have this opposition feels really embarrassing.

“I have come to know a lot of things in these few days. And there’s also a person called Kururi Helan among those things I got to know. Seems like he was a person who could make excellent swords even from scrap iron. I am keeping my hopes up, Mr. ‘Kururi’.”

Eli said delightfully while sweeping the windows. She is too good at applying pressure. I feel like my heart my just surrender to her natural attacks. But, it will definitely come. I know there's a tsundere side to her. If I just wait, the dere will come soon enough!!

'Tap, tap'—the main door was knocked.

Because of the opening of the shop, I had received a few presents from the merchants. Wondering who it is this time, I opened the door.

There were two men standing in front, and they greeted me with a refreshing smile.

"Hello, we're from the sign making shop. Your product is completed."



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Oohh! The board which can even be called the face of the shop, has arrived.

I instructed the two to set it up above the main door immediately.

It seemed like those two were really used to this as they easily set the board up, fixed it in place and then came back to us.

"How is it?"

I looked up at the board. The name of the shop was written with three colors—blue, red and black.

'Eli and Kururi's Blacksmith'.

I reflexively went 'woah'.

Eli was written with blue, Kururi with red and the rest with black in a popping font.

“I-it’s nice!!”

“Hmm, well I guess it passes.”

In contrast to my reaction, Eli was really calm. But, I know that she is actually glad. This is what I noticed in these few days but it seems like she has a habit of hiding her emotions when she is happy. And when she is hiding it, she always has her eyes shut.

She was doing exactly that now, folding her arms trying to look calm.

There was also another reason as to why I think she was just trying to look calm.

When Ms. Poly suggested we should order a board, we had a dispute about the shop’s name. About whose name should come first. It sounds childish but it’s important. I did end up losing at the end but I felt Eli’s attachment to the shop from how happy she looked. And so, I think she is feeling quite jolly. More so than me, I would say.

After the sign makers left, the two of us gazed at the board for a while.

It was a weird feeling. For some reason, it just felt natural opening up a shop like this. Even though I am missing most of my memories, I feel satisfied as if my long awaited dream has come true. So weird.

“I wonder what our relationship was like before.”

Eli said, still looking up at the board.

“...Maybe, business rival?”

“You don’t have a bit of adventure in you, do you? I am amazed.”

What was the correct answer? What is this adventure she desires?! An immature guy like myself doesn’t understand.

After returning to the shop and confirming that the preliminary preparations were complete, I thought of making some swords.

I will concentrate and pour everything I have to make something great. To not lose to this borrowed name, I was determined to become an amazing blacksmith.

And so I was really serious like that but, Eli, having nothing to do, came and sat beside me to look.

“Come on, do it quick.”

Stuff like these are supposed to be done along, you know? Like concentrating and fighting a battle with yourself—and ultimately making a great sword! So having someone watching is well, ruining the atmosphere and makes it harder.

“I will watch so come on.”

“....”

I did try to protest with a side glance but looks like it didn't work.

Seriously, she doesn't understand men's passionate world. Good grief.

I have learnt over from these past few days that I will be beaten if I try to quarrel with her so I decided to not say anything.

This will be my first sword..... Let's not count the one I made at old man Barol's place. Even though I can't really remember making swords before, I must have made a lot of them but let's not count all of those too.

Finally, the sword that will mark my beginning.....

Or it was supposed to be but the door was knocked again.

All the merchants already came so could it be a customer? That's fast, too fast. That would stabilize the future prospects more than ever.

Eli hurried to answer.

I could hear her cheerful voice receiving the person. I was worried if she could handle customers well with her being all high-class and what not but from the looks of it, it seems like I didn't need to worry at all.

Leaving the customer reception to her, I thought I should do what I can. That's what I thought but, unexpectedly once again, Eli brought the two men to

the back of the shop, to the workshop.

“Red haired man... They probably want to see you, Kururi.”

Translations by [AsianHobbyist](#) Website **Chapters are split into  
pages**

When I looked towards the two men, I saw two familiar faces.

The blacksmith Barol and the skilled adventurer swordsman.

“Ah, you two. We meet again.”

“That’s right. More importantly, it seems like your name is Kururi, eh.”

Barol said looking impressed.

“No, haha, actually I can’t remember. I just borrowed the name of the Kururi Helan you were talking about. Well, it’s somewhat like a prayer so that I can be a skilled blacksmith like that person.”

“I see. I completely thought you were a noble so I was surprised. Ah, and, sorry for being rude the other day.”

Barol lowered his suddenly head. Following him, the swordsman also lowered his head.

“I was deceived by the looks and underestimated your skills. Seeing the sword you finished, I immediately understood that you were no normal person.

Please, accept our apology.”

“You don’t need to be so uptight.”

After all, I did receive the money to buy some pie. As for me, that makes us even.

“I want to apologize by myself as well. I looked at the sword you completed. It was such a beautiful sword that I fell in love. I wouldn’t have believed it unless I heard it from Mr. Barol but, it’s the truth, isn’t it?”

Even the swordsman who was standing beside him apologized with a serious expression.

“...Yes.”

Oh, geez, that makes me feel embarrassed.

“What are you doing, getting embarrassed like that? Be brazen and bold.  
You’re the owner of this shop, right?”



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Eli came slapping me with her words of encouragement. Eh? Did you just say owner?

I tried looking at her eyes but they were shut.

Ah, this is!! She was happy too?! She was happy too, hearing me get praised?!  
I might have just seen a cute side of her.

“And so, you remember the Kururi series you saw the other day, right? You said you could fix it, right?”

Following Barou’s words, the swordsman brought the thing he was carrying and put it forward.

It was Amatsu, one of the holy level swords of the Kururi series. As I thought, it’s a wonderful sword. It’s bad state hadn’t changed a bit since the last time I saw it.

“Yes, I think I can fix it.”

“After seeing the sword you completed the other day, your words are more reliable than ever. Then, can we request you to repair this sword?”

“Of course.”

The swordsman put his hands in his wallet and brought out ten shining gold

coins.

“I would like you to fix the Amatsu and buy the sword you completed the other day for 10 Kudan gold coins. Is that alright?”

Well, my honest thoughts are something like this:

I don't know the market price. My memory is wiped clean around that part as well.

We are also borrowing funds from Ms. Poly. But even then, it was around 2 gold coins. If I was able to set up the shop with 2 gold coins, I can tell that it's quite a lot of money. And you are giving me 10 of those?! That's undoubtedly special. If possible, I would like to do the deal after knowing how many pies I can buy with that. Then that price would surely resonate inside my heart.

“Alright, I got it. I will give 12 Kudan gold coins!”

While I was perplexed not knowing what the market price was, they came increasing it by 2 more gold coins.

New negotiation skills!

“Eli, what do you think?”

I could just rely on Eli in times of trouble. Seeing her quick wittedness the other day, I decided to rely on her.

“If you were to request the same job to the legendary blacksmith Kururi Helan, how much would you ask for...?”

“The legendary blacksmith, Kururi Helan...?”

The swordsman looked down and thought. And then looked towards Barol for suggestion.

“Hmm, well if it were me, I would give all my money just to see his skills. Well, in this case, I guess about 20 Kudan gold coins. If I am not wrong, that is about how much it cost to buy Amatsu, right?”

“Yes. Then 20 Kudan gold coins! I will pay right here and now. With that, I would like to buy the new sword and request the maintenance of Amatsu.”

“So he says. I want you, the owner to make the final decision.”

Looks like I was right to depend on Eli. Even still, you think of me that highly?

Not only did our earnings increase, from Eli’s words just now, a job of the same level as the legendary blacksmith Kururi Helan was requested of me just now.

The hurdle just raised a lot at once. But more than everything, the happiness is what came first. I will definitely surpass that person. And so, I decided to give my all to repairing the sword before me.

“Alright, I will take on this job as ‘Eri and Kururi’s Blacksmith’s first job.”

I will look forward to find out how many pies I can buy with that 20 gold coins tomorrow. Let’s concentrate all of my nerves to fix this sword for now.

Eli prepared two seats for Barol and the swordsman as they wanted to see me work. She also stood behind and was looking this way.

And so, I finally started fixing the sword following my instincts.

This sword Kururi Helan made is really wonderful and I couldn’t find a single flaw on it. However, as I started working on it, several flaws came to light. While improving on those, I rapidly made progress.

Strangely enough, I feel like I understand the position Kururi Helan was when he made this sword. Like there were two friends working out in the room and he completed the sword amongst all the noise. That’s a really chaotic situation but to think he was able to make such a good sword even still. I felt admiration to his skills once again.

Fixing all the flaws he must have missed while in that situation, I revived the Amatsu to a state even better than its original.

Barol, the swordsman and even Eli gazed at the swords with their mouths wide open.

“One swing..... each of his swings have a worth of 1 gold coin. That’s what a certain noble said seeing the Kururi series.



I feel like you have something really close to that.”

“Yeah, no mistaking it. If I can see this with just 20 gold coins, then it’s cheap.”

Barol and the swordsman were covered with deep emotion and couldn’t leave the workshop for a while.

At the end, by the time they left, it was evening.

They were the only customer for today. But we earned enough and my mood is also gratified.

And most importantly, ‘You really are amazing. I could show you a bit respect now’—I got to see a bit more of Eli’s tsundere side so it was a good day.

End of Chapter